A Normal High School Dance

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U.A. is far from an ordinary high school, and yet, they still hold a yearly dance, a fact that shocks the students of Class 1-A. And yet, for one reason or another, whether it's love or just to have fun, they're all excited for this dance. Rated for Language and Possible Activities later on.

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UA Is Still a High School

A/N: Hey guys! As I've said before, this is just me getting my Izuocha itch scratched….by creating more fanfic for it because I have problems. Oh well. So this is inspired big time by A) the art of everyone in formal wear and B) SevenRenny's fic, *Afterparty Lights,* which was so cute. I highly recommend it. Anyways, the idea of all of the class going to a dance is incredibly amusing and adorable to me, plus it lets me pair up my favorites. (Also, my names for the characters, in how I refer to them that is, are based off how I think about the characters in my head, so yeah, it's gonna be a bit uneven. My bad). So! Let's go!

Chapter 1: U.A. Is Still A High School

Class 1-A was having a good day. Classes had been interesting and in some cases, downright fun. All Might still did his damndest to make sure his students had a good time, and even Aizawa had been….well, not enthusiastic, but less dead. The sun was beginning to set and everyone in the class agreed; today was a good day. And then Aizawa dropped a bomb on them.

"Oh, before I forget, the school dance will be happening in a couple of weeks or so. You should be getting an email with more details soon," he said as he concluded the lesson.

The room seemed to freeze, perfectly still for several moments. Then, rolling slowly off of Toru's desk, a pencil hit the floor and, as if it was a trigger, the class exploded.

"A DANCE?!" Kaminari exclaimed, his expression a mixture of shock and terror. "Mr. Aizawa, why?!"

Aizawa blinked at him, his expression not even changing as the room almost descended into chaos before his eyes. Someone, possibly Mina, seemed to yell out, "YES!" but for the most part, none

of the voices were coming through distinctly. He sighed. This was just perfect. "Class, if you all do not settle down and shut up, all of you are going to clean the entire campus for a month. IF I'm feeling generous." That did it. Everyone settled back into their seats perfectly and the noise subsided. Aizawa sighed. "As for your question, Kaminari, it's because U.A. is still a high school. We do a dance every year and this year is no different, boarding school or not."

"Um, sir?" Aizawa looked over at Ojiro who was raising his hand. "I just, I don't have formal wear and so-"

"Best Jeanist and his agency have offered to help with clothes." At that Bakugo shuddered, very briefly. Izuku thought he had imagined it for a second. "And before you ask, no attendance is not mandatory but Principal Nedzu would like to stress that he would be very upset if you did not attend, for what's that worth. Now, no more questions. Pack up and head out. The email will explain more." Aizawa's sleeping bag appeared, zipped up, and then he was gone.

The class was thrown into pandemonium again as everyone began to pack up and talk. Even Todoroki seemed bothered by the news of a dance. Izuku himself was stunned silent. He had never had to bother with dances and all the drama they entailed. He always skipped the ones in middle school. But… he couldn't skip this one could he? Principal Nedzu seemed to hope they would all attend and well, it kinda sounded fun. His eyes darted to look across the room at Uraraka and Iida, lingering on his best friend. Plus, maybe something good could come out of it.

That thought caused him to blush like crazy and he shook his head to get rid of the pleasing thoughts of twirling with Uraraka, her body warm against his, her eyes wide and bright. Her smile heartbreakingly beautiful. He definitely did not want to think about pulling her in tight, their lips getting closer and closer until-

BAM! A loud noise shook Izuku out of his reverie and he looked up to see Kirishima smiling at him. "You back on Earth, Izuku?"

Izuku blushed again and laughed awkwardly. Internally though, he was praising Kirishima. *God bless you for saving me from myself* . "Yeah, I'm here. What's going on?"

Kirishima's eyes held a dangerous looking glint and he grinned, baring his teeth. "Guys are organizing a meeting to discuss this dance in the common room. You in?"

He wasn't alone then in his nervousness. Izuku sighed and nodded. "Yeah….wait, what about food?"

"I've got it covered!" Sato called as he headed out.

"We need more than sweets," Sero laughed. "We have some frozen pizza I think. We'll just make that."

"Not exactly a nutritious meal but we are pressed in the matter," Iida said as he walked over to the door. He paused and waited for Izuku and Kirishima to catch up, the last two in the class. Izuku blinked. When did everyone leave? Iida waited until they left the room and then flipped off the lights and closed the door.

Common Room for Class 1-A

"So… the dance," Kaminari said as the boys lounged about eating pizza. Sato was in the kitchen, humming to himself as he poured brownie batter into the pan.

"What about it?" Todoroki asked as he sipped his soda. "I'm assuming everyone is going?"

"You are?" Kirishima asked in response.

Todoroki shrugged. "I'm not much for dances to be honest but it seems like it's something that has the potential to be fun."

Iida nodded enthusiastically. "Agreed, Todoroki! Plus, Principal Nedzu is expecting us to come! We must not disappoint our elders and turn down their generous offers! Clearly, much work will be put

into making this dance happen and as such, it would be disingenuous for us to not attend."

"I lost you right about the disingenuous part," Sero joked. He then sighed. "But, you're probably right. We should go." Everyone slowly voiced their agreement, though Tokoyami was heard muttering something about the burden of responsibility and the darkness of guilt. Bakugo swore several times in his statement of assent as well.

"So, that's agreed, but now for the bigger question," Kaminari said, steepling his hands before him. "Who are you guys taking?"

The room seemed to freeze, something that seemed to be becoming common. And then Mineta got a huge smile on his face. "MOMO! I'll be taking Momo of course!"

"Fucking perv," Bakugo muttered. "You just want her to cop a feel."

Mineta blinked and shrugged. "I'm but a man."

"Who's not getting a date probably," Ojiro said, rubbing the back of his neck. "You do realize the girls are creeped out by you right? Momo especially?"

Mineta paused and then seemed to melt to the floor, muttering and sobbing quietly to himself. Kirishima looked at him briefly and then shrugged, taking his place on the couch. "Well, I don't see why we need dates. It's a school dance. We'll be going as a big group of friends. I don't think anyone is expecting us to get dates."

"Agreed," Shouji chimed in. "I was under the assumption we would be attending as friends."

"Mais non!" Aoyama cried out, his permanent smirk almost, *almost*, curving down into a frown. "Mes amies, we must have dates! This is a dance! A time of romance, of love, of true feelings being freed from the heart!"

The room looked at him, everyone completely silent. Izuku was silent because he was trying to not think about Uraraka. Especially not her looking absolutely amazing in a dress. No, that was definitely not happening.

"Though I don't think I agree with Aoyama here," Kaminari said carefully, "I do think we need dates. Or at least, it would enhance the experience. It's what you do! Plus, having a cute girl at your waist is too perfect! It's the chance I've been waiting for!"

"Then who are you asking?" Todoroki asked, his eyebrow raised. "You make it sound like there's someone you've had your eye on."

Kaminari smirked. "Psh, you'll never guess."

"Jirou," Sato called from the kitchen. "We're not idiots, Kaminari."

Kaminari blushed but simply laughed and waved it off. "Ha, yeah very funny, Sato."

"Oh yeah no, he's totally right," Sero said. Kirishima laughed and nodded. Kaminari looked at them and just sighed. He grumbled something under his breath about stupid headphones and then looked at Todoroki.

"Wait a minute, Todoroki. Why are you interested? Do you have someone you want to bring with?"

Todoroki shrugged. "Perhaps. You'll find out in time." He smirked at Kaminari and Izuku almost laughed. Todoroki was opening up at least.

"Yo, Izuku!" Kirishima called. Izuku straightened up and looked at the redhead with a sudden feeling of incredible dread. "You've been awfully quiet. You got a plan, tiger?" He smirked and then chuckled.

"Me? N-no of course not! I-I d-don't have a plan let alone a girl to bring with!" Izuku laughed, an incredibly forced and awkward sound.

Tokoyami eyed him, and then smirked. Izuku felt his blood freeze. *He knew.* Kirishima meanwhile just shrugged, buying his answer. "Iida, you got a girl? How about that Hatsume chick?"

Sero raised an eyebrow and next to him Kouda signed something. "Kouda's got a point, she is cute. Though, also right, Kouda, kinda odd, my word, not yours."

Iida's glasses seemed to flash sheer white and his expression became grim. "If I ever take that girl to an outing, public or otherwise, I would like to ask you all to restrain me as I would clearly not be myself."

Ojiro chuckled. "That would be a no then."

"Fucking idiots," Bakugo growled out of nowhere. All eyes swung to him and he just grimaced. "Do any of you guys even know how to dance?!"

Izuku suddenly realized that no, no he did not. And from the looks of things, almost no one else did either.

"Fuck," Kaminari groaned.

Mina's Room, Going on at the Same Time

"Glad to hear it's settled that you're all going!" Mina clapped her hands, clearly very excited by the idea. The other girls looked her at with varying expressions. Jirou seemed upset and looked like she was toying with the idea of shocking the pink girl. Ochako seemed uncomfortable but was smiling all the same. Tsu was Tsu but seemed happier than normal. Toru, judging by her little shimmy, was very excited and Momo seemed pensive.

"You kinda forced us into going," Jirou pointed out. "I didn't know you had blackmail on us."

Mina shrugged. "It is what it is. The point is, this is a fantastic opportunity!"

"For what?" Momo asked. She regretted it as soon as she asked.

"ROMANCE!" Mina cried, clutching her hands together. "Dances are the perfect time to begin romances! You ask the guy of your dream out, maybe just as friends, you dance together, flirt, and before you know it, you're passionately making out in his room.." She closed her eyes and sighed.

"I think you missed a step or two," Tsu said.

"Doesn't matter. Point is, that this is our chance, ladies! We ask our dream guy out and enjoy every moment we can with him! I know you all have a guy in mind." Mina smirked and watched as Jirou looked away, playing with her headphone jacks, Ochako blushed, Toru shimmied in a more embarrassed manner, Momo looked at the floor, and Tsu….blushed. That was new, she had to admit.

"Your point is?" Jirou asked. "We may, *may,* have guys we wanna ask but there's no telling the guys are interested in going to the dance at all."

Ochako found herself nodding but also worried. She wanted to go to the dance, and she wanted to go with Deku. She….she'd been feeling odd about him. Mina was convinced it was love, whatever it was, and luckily she didn't know who for. Ochako wasn't ready to use the big L-word yet, but it was something and she wanted to explore that something. If Deku didn't come, she might not have such a simple chance again.

Mina sighed. "Girls, trust me on this, they'll be coming." She smiled and the sparkle in her eyes freaked them out. She knew something. "Uraraka, come on, I know you're excited!"

Ochako blushed and smiled, rubbing her head. "A, a little? I mean I've never been to a dance before and it sounds like it could be really

fun."

"I agree," Momo said gently. "With or without the guys we can go and have fun at a school dance."

"Plus, Best Jeanist offered to make dresses!" Toru exclaimed. "I can't wait!"

Even Jirou admitted a bit of excitement. "Yeah….I'm kinda stoked I guess. Just, no pressuring or threatening us, Mina." She glared at the girl who smiled innocently back.

A thought struck Ochako and she blinked. She wondered why she hadn't thought of this earlier. "Hey, guys, do any of you know how to dance?"

A/N: Is this gonna be pure highschool style fluff? Damn straight. And I love it. I honestly love each and every one of these kids and so I wanna have fun with them, try to get them all paired up and having fun. Even Mineta with the fun part. Anyways! I hope you all liked it. Please, feel free to leave a review, even if it's just a short little comment. Just hearing your thoughts on my story makes my day because it means you care, and nothing means more. Thank you so much for reading!

Aoyama and Mina, Dance Squad

A/N: AH! Everyone, you're so awesome! Just like, the best ever! Thank you to everyone who showed support for the story; it was so nice to hear. I can't wait now to continue, especially now that I have some backup. And while this is gonna be a big time Izoucha (because I love them) I'm not gonna sidetrack the others. I wanna try to involve almost everyone in at least one way. Hopefully, I do well. Anyways, I hope you enjoy! Feel free to leave a review; I always appreciate them.

Chapter 2: Aoyama and Mina, Dance Squad

Izuku felt very, very afraid. Oh sure, he's done some crazy things, faced off against some intense villains and Bakugo, but this….He decided this was too much for him.

Aoyama and Mina stood at the front of the room, grinning like mad. Well, Mina was. Aoyama was smirking but seemed to be sparkling an obscene amount. The rest of Class 1-A was gathered alongside Izuku and they all seemed to be just as nervous as he was. Except maybe for Toru. The gym was felt like a funeral home.

"Welcome, mes amies, to your dance class!" Aoyama exclaimed, his sparkles intensifying.

Why? Izuku thought desperately. *Why is this my life?*

"Now, we know none of you are really great dancers," Mina said, smiling as she surveyed the class. "Hence why we're here! So, first off, we're going to break you guys into pairs! Noooormally we would let you guys pick, but we have the perfect pairs in mind! Great synergy planned!"

Izuku's stomach dropped. He knew Mina. He *knew* her. But she wasn't honestly going to do this was she? With the whole class? She

couldn't, could she?

"Todoroki and Momo!" Aoyama exclaimed.

She could. She was. Izuku began sweating and the energy in the room seemed to decrease even more. He watched as Todoroki and Momo approached each other near the two 'teachers'. Momo seemed to be looking away from Todoroki, her cheeks a faint pink. Todoroki looked as cool as ever but for a second, Izuku swore he saw a blush.

"Bakugo and Kirishima! Sato and Shoji! Iida and Tsu! Tokoyami and Mineta!" He could feel himself growing more and more nervous. *Please, Mina, please don't,* he silently plead, hoping she was secretly telepathic. "Uraraka and Izuku!"

She wasn't. Or she loved his pain. Izuku walked to the front of the room, trying to do his best to not focus on how sweaty he felt. Or how red his cheeks must have been. Or that he was going to be dancing with his best friend/crush for the day. Nope, none of that was a thing!

"Heya, Deku," Uraraka said quietly as they stood next to each other upfront. She smiled at him and he could have sworn his heart exploded. He was going to die here from embarrassment and sheer awkwardness. He knew it. Oh, why was this happening?!

The Night Before

Aoyama heard a knock at his door and quirked an eyebrow up. It was late and almost no one bothered him anyways. What was up? He stood up and put on his characteristic smirk. He walked over leisurely and opened the door to find Ashido looking at him. He felt his smirk shake for a moment; he was confused as to why she was here especially.

"Can I come in, Aoyama?" she asked. He debated saying no, but decided against it. The girl meant no harm in her comments toward

him. He could be a tad pretentious he knew. Not that he'd admit it.

"Oui, mademoiselle," he said, stepping aside and waving her in. "What can I do for you?"

"Do you know how to dance?" she asked as he closed the door. He blinked. Tonight was full of surprises.

"Of course I do!" he said, almost aghast that she asked. "Pourquoi?"

She sighed and flopped into his chair as he sat on his bed. "Because I think we need to teach these idiots how to dance. I love them and all, but I doubt they know how to move."

Aoyama found himself nodding. "I quite agree, my dear. The poor darlings must be taught to move and feel the rhythm, the beauty that is dance!" Mina smirked and then chuckled. She was cute when she laughed, he decided. She should laugh more. He liked it when things were cute.

"I was hoping you'd be down," Mina said, her smile widening. "Now then, I have another plan that requires your help."

"Oh? And that is?"

Mina leaned forward, as if telling a secret. Aoyama couldn't help but lean forward as well. "Shipping." Her expression was one of complete seriousness but her eyes danced with mirth. Aoyama leaned back and let his smirk turn into a more natural smile. Oh, he liked this idea quite a bit.

"You wish to pair up the students into relationships, hmm?" Aoyama nodded. "Yes! I am in favor of this one hundred percent! Who do you have in mind?"

"Only a few for sure, but that's enough for me."

"Do share," Aoyama said, waving a hand. "I'm all ears."

"Obviously Todoroki and Momo," Mina said. "They're so cute and would be a perfect match!" Aoyama nodded, having come to the same conclusion some time ago. "What about you, Twinkle? You got anything to share?"

"Well, I personally think that young Kaminari is blatantly head-over-heels for the young Jiro," Aoyama said, allowing his smirk to return.

Mina giggled. "Tell me something I don't know! God, they're so obvious!"

"Not as bad as Uraraka and Izuku," Aoyama countered, chuckling at the mere thought. They were helpless, those two, but they intrigued him so.

Mina's eyes went wide. "Oh my god, you're right. I didn't even consider them! I knew Uraraka… damn, I'm an idiot. Well, that's why you're here, Aoyama." She gave him a wink.

"We're in my room," he said bluntly. The two stared at each other and laughed heartily.

They spent a good chunk of the night going over possible pairings, and then realizing that Mineta was a thing and planning accordingly. Tsu was the only girl they were unsure about. Aoyama despised that fact; he was normally quite good with these things but even Tsu vexed him deeply. Curses.

By the time Mina left they had a solid plan. Oh sure, some of the pairings were absolutely for synergy. Tokoyami with Mineta was purely because of height and the others just seemed to make sense. But the pairings, oh the pairings, he thought to himself. They were glorious.

The Dance Lesson

Once the pairings were decided upon, the lesson began. Mina instructed everyone to face their partners and simply repeat what

she and Aoyama were doing. She grabbed Aoyama's one hand and put her other hand on his shoulder, while he put his on her waist.

Izuku looked at Uraraka and hesitantly smiled. "You, um, okay with this?" he asked.

Her eyes widened briefly and then she smiled, her cheeks pink. "Y-yeah, of course. It's just a dance. Come on, Deku. We're tougher than this!" Izuku laughed quietly and grabbed her hand with his, placing his other on her waist. He… he was doing it. He was holding hands with Uraraka and touching her waist and he was still alive.

Wait, her lips were moving and yet he heard nothing. He blinked and suddenly was awashed with noise. Oh, oh no. He didn't hear anything she had said! He blushed harder, somehow, and felt like his face was on fire. "Um, s-sorry, Uraraka….I, uh, missed that." He laughed, as if to shrug it off, but it sounded awkward and forced even to him.

She giggled and smiled sweetly. "It's no problem," she said. "I just asked if you were okay?"

Izuku looked away for a second and nodded. "Y-yeah, I'm all good." He gave her a smile, a real genuine one. She deserved nothing less. Her eyes softened, or so it looked, and Izuku felt his heart beat faster, but his blush subside. Yeah, he could do this.

Out of the corner of his eyes he could see Mina and Aoyama going around correcting everyone's posture. Pushing people closer here, adjusting a hand there, slapping Mineta for whining about being with a guy. It all seemed so usual. And then Mina reached them. She looked at them with a critical eye and nodded. "Very nice," she muttered. Before Izuku could ask what she meant, she pushed him a little closer to Uraraka. "Better! Good job you two!" Mina skipped away, giggling like crazy, over to Todoroki and Momo.

His eyes slowly slid back to Uraraka, and by the look of it, she seemed to have realized how close the two of them were to each

other as well. He swallowed and felt like he should say something to reassure her of something. That things were fine? He didn't know, just say something.

Mina clapped her hands at the front of the class, Aoyama besides her. Both of them looked incredibly satisfied and happy. "So, now that you're in place, it's time to dance!" She turned on a music player, and got into position with Aoyama. "Try to follow what we do. We'll explain more as we go, but for now, just watch." The two of them began to dance to the slow music, a simple, yet elegant dance. After a few minutes the others were sent to try, with Mina and Aoyama patrolling the class to give tips and help out.

The first few steps were good for Izuku, if a bit awkward and robotic. And then he felt something beneath his foot. He squeaked and his eyes flew from where they had been glued-his hand holding Uraraka's- to her face. "Sorry!" he said.

She just laughed and met his gaze, turning her head from where she had been looking. "Don't worry 'bout it. I wasn't really paying attention either. Let's just focus together." He nodded. Yeah, focus. He could do that once.

Despite his fear, he did eventually begin to get it. He absorbed what Aoyama and Mina said and slowly but surely he and Uraraka were moving much smoother. They weren't perfect, making little errors here and there, but he found himself not really caring at the moment. It was fun and holding her close was amazing. Even though he wanted to stop to save himself the embarrassment, at the same time, he felt at ease. It was a weird mixture of feelings.

Mina watched from the front of the class and mimed wiping away a tear. "Look at them," she said. She sniffed. "They're learning!"

Aoyama raised an eyebrow and smirked. "Mais bien sûr! We are fabulous teachers!" He smiled and watched the dance floor. "Our pairings seem to be working well," he commented lightly as Ojiro

spun Toru for a moment, the two of them laughing. Well, Mina assumed Toru was laughing. It was hard to tell.

She agreed though. The pairings were working out. Todoroki was still a bit more distant than Mina would've liked, but well, such is life. Izuku and Uraraka seemed to be having fun though. She dared a look at Jiro and Kaminari and found that Kaminari seemed almost otherworldly in his focus. Jiro was gazing up at him as they danced and it was so precious. Mina wanted to squeal.

After about an hour or two she turned off the music, satisfied that they all at least had an idea as to how to dance in the most basic way ever. "Good work! So, I think everyone did very well, buuuuut I propose a few more lessons over the next week or so! Just to cover some other types of music and dances, you know, nothing special." She grinned and her eyes twinkled. "Who's in?" Almost everyone raised their hand, with Bakugo being the only one left out. He snorted and then raised a hand as well. Mina clapped with joy. "Perfect! Class dismissed!"

Ochako smiled at Izuku, ignoring the thrumming beat of her heart which seemed to want to just burst out of her chest. "That was fun, Deku," she said as the group started to leave the gym. "Sorry if I was awkward at all!"

"Y-you were fine!" Deku sputtered. She felt her smile widen as he rubbed his head. He was really adorable sometimes, when he wasn't being inspiring or smart or confident or too many other great things. "I thought it was fun, too."

Now, her heart decided. Now I escape.

"You gonna come to the other lessons for sure then?" Ochako asked, the question just slipping out of her mouth. She opened her mouth again to apologize when she said something else she didn't want to, "I need my partner."

Fuck my life, she internally groaned. She decided to roll with it, play along. She punched him lightly on the shoulder, as if to say it was all friendly when she really, really wished she had been alone with him in that room.

"Only if you show up too," Deku teased right back. He flashed her a brilliant smile and his eyes seemed bright. So bright and green…

"Uraraka! Izuku!" She snapped herself out of her thoughts and turned to see Iida marching up, his hands already waving. "Are you two heading to bed?"

"Yeah I'm kinda beat." Deku yawned and Ochako resisted the urge to squeal.

"Ah, yes, good idea. Rest is important for our bodies to grow and develop fully!"

Tsu came walking up behind the trio as they headed upstairs. "Ochako, Jiro was wondering if you would want to hang out tonight in one of our rooms. She said she had something important to discuss."

Ochako blinked and looked at Iida and Deku, who were both looking at Tsu with curious expressions. They both knew the girls hung out together pretty often but this seemed different somehow. They were picking up on something, but Ochako decided not to worry. She shrugged, though she had an idea as to what was going to happen. "Sure! We can meet in my room if you guys want."

"She said not till later, but do you mind if I come by earlier?"

Ochako grinned at her friend. "Not at all, Tsu."

The four of them reached the second floor and Deku peeled off waving goodbye. They waved back and said goodnight. Her heart seemed to settle a bit once he left, thankfully. Iida was next, hustling

over to his room with his usual dorkiness. And finally the girls reached Ochako's room.

"Do you want any tea, Tsu?" Ochako asked as they entered.

"Sure, if you have some green tea." Ochako laughed as she turned on her electric kettle and got out two mugs. The girls had long decided that Ochako was to be trusted with most of the tea supplies for reasons she would never fathom. Probably the nausea, but still.

"Tsu, I always have green tea." She prepared the mugs and sat down on her floor, facing Tsu. "What's up? How was dancing with Iida?"

Tsu shrugged. "It was fine. Nothing special. He didn't mess up at all but seemed to take it very seriously. But he was a good partner."

"You planning on taking him to the dance?" Ochako asked, a teasing tone in her voice. She knew who Tsu liked, or at least had a good idea, but still enjoyed teasing the girl.

"No. Probably won't take anyone but we'll see." She smiled suddenly. "How was dancing with Izuku?"

"It was nice," Ochako admitted. Mina wasn't around; it was safe. "We were both really awkward but it ended up being really fun if I'm honest." The kettle hissed and she got up to turn it off, and poured two cups of green tea. Her stomach was all fluttery and she hoped the tea would help. She passed Tsu her mug and then sat back down.

Tsu nodded sagely, as if Ochako had revealed a great wealth of information. "You gonna take him?"

Ochako opened her mouth to answer, and by answer she meant stammer, when her phone buzzed. She grabbed it and saw a message from Deku.

Sorry I forgot to say goodnight! Sweet dreams, partner!

Her face went aflame and she heard Tsu giggle over her teacup. "I think that means yes." Ochako blushed even deeper, and then noticed that, almost against her will, she was typing a reply.

Izuku looked at his phone and the message he sent to Uraraka. The girl he liked. He never said sweet dreams to her. It just felt too close to saying he liked her. And yet, boom, he did it right there. What was wrong with him?

And then his phone buzzed and he saw her reply.

You'll have to make it up to me then. Sweet dreams, Deku.

He groaned, his face completely red, and dropped his phone onto the floor. He was never gonna sleep now.

A/N: A bit more focused on Izuocha than I originally meant it to be, but don't worry! The other pairs will be getting their focus too. I hope everyone liked it! I know I loved writing it. It's just so cute and the idea of Aoyama and Mina working together reminds me a lot of high school antics. Anyways, until next time!

Sometimes You Need a Shock

A/N: As always, thank you so much to everyone who is still reading and enjoying it. I love it when you guys leave reviews, even if they're just to talk about something you enjoyed or would like to see. Any and all discussion is great. But seriously, because of all the love you guys have shown for this I'm just on a roll and I don't know if I can stop. I hope it continues to live up for you guys! (Also, big sorry for all the little spelling mistakes I know I've made with names. I'm trying to catch them as I go, don't worry, but some still slip through).

Chapter 3: Sometimes You Need a Shock

Jiro was confused. Well, not entirely. She knew she was angry. That emotion was very clear in her mind. She knew who she was angry at, for the most part. Mina, primarily, but she couldn't tell where to direct the rest of the anger. Kaminari for being, well, Kaminari? He had stepped on her feet a couple of times, and had been very awkward at first. But, then again, he did prove to be a good learner when she 'helped' him focus with an earphone jack. And then he was Kaminari again, and she found herself distracted and taken in by the moment.

She could be mad at him, she decided, only if she was also mad at herself for feeling…. *feelings* towards him. And so, she decided to be mad at herself, just a little, for not just feeling these things for him, but for actually giving into them during the dance.

And that was the other problem; she had no idea what the feelings were. She knew she found him attractive, but also annoying. Funny, but stupid. Kind, but oblivious. Jiro was having trouble separating it all out and the dance did not help. If anything, it added new feelings. Like this weird tumultuous feeling. She couldn't figure out why, but thinking about the dance made her feel odd and uneasy, like it was just *wrong* .

Sighing, she knocked on Uraraka's door. She had been wandering the grounds for a bit trying to clear her head before heading to her friend's room for the gathering. And now all she wanted was some tea. *Well, yelling at Mina wouldn't be bad either*, she admitted.

Uraraka opened her door with a smile. "Jiro! Tsu's already here and I have hot water all ready if you want tea."

Jiro resisted the urge to groan with pleasure. "Uraraka, you are a saint." She walked in and collapsed on the floor, leaning against Uraraka's bed as her host made her a quick cup of tea. "Raspberry if you have it."

She got a nod in return and then turned to look at Tsu. "Sorry if I'm interrupting anything, Tsu," she said. "I just needed to chill before everyone else came over."

"It's no problem," Tsu said, a little ribbit at the end. "I get the feeling. You didn't miss much. Just Uraraka blushing over-"

"An embarrassing story!" Uraraka blurted, her face red. She shot Tsu a death glare, and then gave Jiro her cup of tea. The purple haired girl raised an eyebrow but didn't ask. It was probably about Izuku, she figured, and she did not need to hear about more boy trouble. She had enough of it going on herself. She took a sip of her tea and sighed.

"Scratch the saint thing, Uraraka. I'm bumping you up to angel," Jiro said, closing her eyes and leaning her head back. "How would you guys feeled if I killed Mina?"

Tsu put her finger to her chin. "Upset. Also, doesn't sound very heroic, Jiro."

"I….would be upset," Uraraka said, "but I wouldn't necessarily stop you. Maybe."

Jiro chuckled. "Sorry, it's just that this dance things is bothering me a bit. Like, who does she think she is for pairing us up?"

"Who would you have paired up with if she let you choose?" Tsu asked. Jiro looked at the girl, brow furrowed. "If you want my guess, I'd say Kaminari. You two can get along well when you're not shocking him and he's probably your closest friend, except for Momo." Jiro wanted to protest that but then she remembered their late night music sessions, just browsing through one of their libraries and listening to music together. Dammit.

Uraraka laughed and sat down on the floor. "And she probably would've picked Todoroki. Those two are really close these days."

"Meaning you would've gone with Kaminari." Tsu shrugged and sipped her tea. "Mina didn't choose anyone you wouldn't have yourself."

Jiro sighed and waved a hand in defeat. "Point, then. Still though. If you ask me, she was enjoying it way too much." She took another sip of tea. A thought was dancing around in her head and before she could express it, a knock came at the door. Uraraka bounced up and let in Momo and Toru.

"Mina asked me to tell you guys she can't come," Momo said as she took her place on the bed, besides Jiro's head. "Something about cleaning up before Mr. Aizawa killed her."

Toru giggled and plopped down next to Tsu. "I'm surprised he even approved of this!"

"Tea?" Uraraka asked.

"Green for me," Momo said.

"Mint!" Toru cried out, pumping an arm into the air. Uraraka nodded and got to preparing the tea, humming happily.

Jiro mulled over her thought and then decided, fuck it. "Do you guys think this dance is a waste of time?"

The others turned to her but none of their gazes were hostile. Toru's could've been but Jiro was convinced the girl did not have a mean-spirited bone in her body. A few moments passed and she was beginning to regret asking when Momo asked, "Why? What brought this up?"

Jiro swished the tea in her mug and shrugged. "It's just, we're training to be heroes, you know? That's why we're here, at U.A. A dance is cool and fun and all but don't you feel like it's distracting us from what we should be focusing on?"

"I get that," Tsu said. "I was thinking something similar when Aizawa brought it up but I don't think it is."

"Why though?" Jiro asked. She did her best to not sound desperate for an answer. She just needed to know she wasn't alone in feeling how she did. Wasn't the only one who was so conflicted and torn up.

"I think it's because it's a sign of normalcy," Toru replied. She made a gesture as if stroking her chin. "Like, things have been so crazy lately, you know? We can only take almost dying so many times before it becomes a bit much. So they decided to let us party!"

Jiro felt a hand on her shoulder and turned to see Momo smiling down at her. "I know how you feel, Jiro. I'm conflicted myself about the dance. But I think Toru is right; we are still high school students and we should feel like that. We've been through more than any kids our age should. It's time for us to relax and act our age."

She sighed and nodded. "I just, don't know if I wanna act my age sometimes."

Uraraka handed out tea to Toru and Momo and then sat back down, her expression pensive. "That I understand. It's hard. After all we've been through, all that violence and chaos, how can we just be

normal? Like we're pretending it hasn't happened." Her voice was somber and her normally bright expression seemed older and more mature as she looked into her tea. And then she smiled, her eyes dancing bright. "But that's why we have to try. We have to try to be normal to beat back that darkness. This dance is a light to ward against the darkness!"

The room was silent and then Toru began clapping. "Yeah! You said it!"

Tsu laughed. "Uraraka, you sounded like Tokoyami!"

Uraraka chuckled nervously and rubbed her neck. "Yeah, I guess I did, huh? I got a bit carried away."

Jiro smiled. She….felt better. Not a whole lot, but enough where she no longer felt like she could start screaming at any moment. The Kaminari thing still existed but for now, she chose to ignore it. "Thanks, guys. That actually helped." The other girls all smiled at her and Jiro was glad to be going to U.A. It was a feeling she didn't think about too often, but every now and then, she just got overwhelmed with it. Now was one of those times.

Three Days Later

The breeze felt nice as Jiro relaxed outside, her earbuds in. She had eaten a quick lunch and then excused herself from her friends to relax outside. It was such a gorgeous day, after all, and she needed time to unwind. She let out a deep breath, smiling up at the blue sky. The dance lessons had continued and though she found them fun, they were tiring and emotionally draining. She needed moments like this, just staring at the clouds while jamming out.

A shadow fell across her and she looked over to see the bane of her existence. And yet she found herself happy. She popped out an earbud."Kaminari," she said as a greeting, trying to keep it short.

"Yo, Jiro," he said, grinning. He was probably proud of the rhyme. "Mind if I sit next to you?"

She shrugged and moved to sit against the tree she had been lying under. He sat down next to her, close enough to touch without any effort. "You ditched your little crew?" she asked, raising an eyebrow.

He shrugged. "If that's how you wanna phrase it, then yeah." His grin turned into a softer, less manic looking smile. "Besides, I found a new song that I thought you'd like. Wanna give it a listen?"

It didn't take long for her to come to her answer. He had good taste in music and it wasn't uncommon for them to do this. She paused the song and took out her other earbud. "Hit me," she said, shooting him a quick smile. He grabbed his phone, gave her an earbud, and hit play. The two of them leaned against the tree listening to the song. She did like it, she had to admit. It wasn't too over the top like some of his stuff was, and the instrumental sections were really awesome. The voice could be better, but overall, it was good stuff.

Their shoulders touching, the two listened until the track ended. Almost as a unit they took out their earbuds. "Nice choice, Kaminari."

He smirked. "Damn straight it was. Glad to hear you liked it. They have some other stuff that I didn't download." He stood up and she followed suit. Class wasn't too far far from starting. "If you wanna swing by tonight, or I come by your place, and listen to them, just let me know." He gave her a grin and as they began walking together, their hands brushed. It happened, she knew. It had happened plenty of times before when they listened to music together and they both usually ignored it. Today though, that simple contact made her heart race.

And then she opened her mouth and ruined everything. "That sounds great, Denki." She heard it as soon as she said it and she realized exactly what she had done. Oh fuck. She never called him Denki. No one did except his parents. He never told her she could.

She knew that. She *knew* that. And yet it just slipped out. She might as well have just confessed to him.

She felt Kaminari stiffen besides her and she took her chance. Before he could say a word she took off, yelling behind her something about forgetting something in her room. If he said anything, she didn't hear it.

She saw Momo and that Kendo girl from 1-B, but she didn't stop. She couldn't stop. Momo couldn't help her anyways. *Goddammit, Jiro!* She yelled at herself. *You fucking idiot!* She didn't stop running until she reached her room, class completely off of her mind for the moment. Going to class, with him, after that, was not an option.

Momo watched as Jiro ran by, cheeks red. Kendo didn't seem to notice, or if she did, she didn't bring it up. She looked in the direction of where Jiro ran off to with concern but then shook her head. Jiro would be fine, she decided. "Sorry, Kendo," Momo said, turning back to her companion. "You were asking me something?"

Kendo smiled and laughed softly. "It's no trouble, Momo." She rubbed her neck and seemed to be blushing lightly. "You're close to Todoroki, yeah?"

"I would like to think so!" Momo joked. She saw Kendo's expression and cleared her throat. "Sorry, but yes, I do indeed believe I'm close to Todoroki. Why?"

"I was just wondering if you knew if he had a date to the dance," Kendo said after a moment. Momo felt her blood grow cold but continued to smile. "I know he and I haven't really interacted but he always seemed so….attractive, I suppose. Plus, I think it could be really nice to get to know him better."

Momo was at a loss for words for several moments until she coughed and smiled. "I don't think he has a date, no, but I could always be wrong. If you want I can put in a good word for you?" *Why*

are you saying this? She screamed at herself. But she couldn't help it. "Maybe even see if he would be willing to meet up with you?"

Kendo's expression lit up. "Would you really? Oh, Momo, you're the best!" She gave Momo a quick hug. "Thank you! Thank you!"

Momo smiled and nodded without really hearing. She….she *liked* Todoroki, didn't she? So what was she doing, trying to get him to go out with her friend?

She thought about it on the whole walk to class but never really reached an answer. Seeing him only caused her to be more confused. She decided, for now, to focus on school. Later she could think about Todoroki and her feelings.

When she sat down she noticed two things: one, Jiro's desk was empty, and two, Kaminari was blushing a faint pink. He caught her looking and moved over to her desk. "Momo! Have you seen Jiro?"

"I saw her earlier, running off somewhere," she said. She saw Mina look over with intense interest, her eyes shining. "But I haven't since and I don't know where she went. Kaminari seemed to deflate hearing that and she frowned seeing him look so down. "Why? Did something happen?"

He opened his mouth and then closed it, as if having second thoughts. "Kinda. She just ran off on me, saying she needed something from her room. I figured she'd be back by now though."

Momo's phone buzzed at that moment and she checked the message. It was from Jiro. "She just texted me that she's feeling sick," she reported. "She said she won't be in class."

Kaminari nodded and walked back to his seat, his usual energy gone. And she wasn't the only one who noticed. "That's rough," she heard Todoroki say next to her. She turned and he gave her a small smile. "I hope they both get better."

Momo considered telling him about Kendo. She really, truly did. But when Mr. Aizawa walked in it was too late and she turned to the front to focus. Definitely not at all thankful for the excuse to not have to talk to Todoroki.

"All right, that's good for tonight, guys!" Todoroki found Mina's enthusiasm endearing but also a little much at times. Especially when he was thinking about other things. Like his dance partner. He knew what he was feeling; he was no idiot. The problem was more how to tell her. He had wanted to ask around but then remembered that both Iida and Izuku would have no idea. The other guys, Todoroki didn't fully trust any of them with the sensitive information.

And so he thought about it and he eventually decided to just ask her to go out with him to grab coffee or tea. Something simple, casual. He knew she liked tea so he figured it was a safe option. And once it was just the two of them he could more accurately determine her feelings towards him. Overall, he felt like it was foolproof.

He was waiting in the hall outside the gym for her to come out. She had stayed behind to help Mina with something. He tried to not show his impatience. There was no rush. It would all be fine.

When she came out he smiled and was relieved to see her smile back at him. But, before he could say anything, she spoke. "Hey, Todoroki, I know this sounds weird, but I was wondering if you'd like to go out with a friend of mine?"

Todoroki's train of thought crashed and then exploded. A friend of hers? Not her? "I'm sorry, what?" he asked bluntly.

Momo blushed and chuckled awkwardly. "I know, it's kind of a weird thing to ask, but well, Kendo from 1-B asked me if I could do this for her." She met his eyes and he realized he wasn't going to get his date with her. "Nothing serious of course! She just wants to meet you and get to know you."

He couldn't think. He didn't have time to think or the practice necessary to get back to thinking faster. His antisocial behavior had ruined him. "When?" he asked, resigned to defeat.

"I'll give you her number," Momo said. She seemed almost sad, and bit her lip for a second before smiling at him. "I'll text it to you later? I think she would like to hear the good news."

"Sounds good." His throat felt dry. What was wrong with him? He had a plan! He….he had a plan. She was supposed to be the one he was going out with.

He watched her walk away, his whole body numb, and he cursed himself for being so stupid.

Jiro had spent the entire weekend avoiding Kaminari. It was harder than she had expected. He seemed to be everywhere when she wanted him to just cease to be. The easiest way was to be in her room, sneaking out to get food at odd times. He came to knock on her door Friday, but she simply pretended to be asleep. He tried again later, and then Saturday, but she ignored him. Eventually, he got the hint.

It killed her though. Every moment of ignoring him made her upset. It felt like lying to him. He deserved better.

She also avoided dance lessons. Mina would just try to get her to dance with him again and that obviously was not an option. None of the girls knew what was going on, but she got sympathetic looks from Mina and Uraraka. Momo seemed even worse than her, the few times she had seen her, but the pony-tailed girl always tried to put on a brave face.

And so she spent most of her time in her room. She tried playing music to distract her from her thoughts and it worked, for a time. But then the emotions would catch up to her and she would find herself just laying in bed, cheeks wet but not really crying. Listening to music alternated; sometimes it made her feel better, other times she

realized how fun it would be to listen with him and then the tears came again. She tried reading, writing down her thoughts which was just a mess of jumbled emotions and words, even getting herself off, just in the hopes that something would distract her.

Instead, she spent the weekend alone with her thoughts. And she hated the thoughts; they were so jumbled together and messy and it just *hurt* to be alone with them. So, she went to class on Monday. It was hard, ignoring him when he sat right in front of her, but she did it somehow. When she got back to her room she was exhausted, and all she wanted to do was sleep. But her mind refused to let her have any rest. All she could think about was him, her feelings, and how the two were tied. It went on for what seemed like forever. Through her doing homework, through her trying and failing to nap, through her just listening to the most upbeat songs she could. Her mind continued to torment her.

"FUCK IT!" she screamed, launching herself up off of her bed. She was sick and tired of it. She needed to put this to rest and there was only way to do that.

She moved quickly, trying to go before she lost the will to go through with her plan. When she reached his door she resisted the urge to pound on it, choosing instead to lightly knock. Well, not too lightly. She could have some pleasure out of this torture.

The door opened to reveal him and his eyes widened when he took her in. "Can I come in?" she asked. He gulped and nodded, stepping aside to let her in. She closed her eyes and breathed in deeply. The door closed behind her and she felt weak, letting the breath out faster than she meant. But she had to do this. She needed peace, in one form or another. "Before you ask me anything I just need to say this." Jiro opened her eyes and looked at Kaminari. "I've been stressed out ever since the incident and so I came here to tell you that I like you. That's why I called you Denki, which you've probably guessed. I hid from you because I didn't want to deal with my feelings for you but they were just bothering me so fucking much so I had to come and tell you. I know you probably don't feel the same

and that's cool. I just want to let you know that I would still like to be your friend, but if you don't wanna be friends after this, that's cool too." Jiro stopped, her breathing heavy. She hadn't meant to just let it all pour out so suddenly like that.

She watched him nervously. He seemed stunned to her and his mouth kept moving but no words came out. She smiled sadly. It was what she expected but she had hoped it would've been different. "I'm sorry to bother you, Kaminari. I'll be-" He grabbed her hand. She didn't realize he had moved until her hand was in his. Her breathing got even faster but she felt calmer too.

"I like you, too," Kaminari said quietly as he stepped up to her. He leaned his head forward and she found herself tilting her head up a bit. His forehead touched hers and he grabbed her other hand. The two of them stayed like that for a moment before he spoke again. "I'm sorry if I caused you any pain, Jiro. I should've said something sooner when you called me Denki. To be honest, I've liked you for a while and whenever we danced I was so happy. When you called me Denki I guess I was just stunned at the idea that you could like me back so I didn't react."

"I'm sorry for hiding," she said quietly. Her thumbs started to rub the back of his hands. They were warm and felt good to hold. Her breathing was slower too. She felt calm, at peace, for the first time in the last few days. "I just couldn't deal with it and I didn't want to risk losing you." She smirked playfully. "As annoying as you are."

He stepped back, a feigned expression of hurt on his face. "Et tu, Jiro?" He chuckled and she found herself laughing alongside him. She looked up at his face and then pulled him back in, grabbing him and hugging him tight. He stiffened, and then hugged her back. It was warm and felt right.

She didn't know how long it lasted, but when they stepped apart, she wanted it to keep going. "I know it's late," Kaminari said, rubbing his neck, "but do you wanna stick around for a bit? We never listened to the rest of the music I found."

"Sure," she said. He grinned and hit play and the two of them found themselves on his bed, her head on his chest, his chin on her head, hands entwined.

They were like that for a few songs and then he spoke up. "You know, Jiro, you can call me Denki if you want."

She raised an eyebrow. "Oh, your girlfriend needed permission?" she asked. "I thought it was just an unspoken fact now, *Denki* ."

His chest rumbled with a quiet chuckle. "Guess not, Kyoka." He squeezed her hand. "Though, since you're here, you could help me with the math homework." She jabbed him with a jack. After all somethings needed to remain constant.

A/N: I was apparently really feeling Kamijiro tonight but well, I hope you guys like it. I honestly adore this ship, and the idea of them just being chill as a couple feels true to them. Also yes, I know, Kendo asking Todoroki out is weird, but I have two counters: A) It's Todoroki and he's awesome and everyone wants to date him. B) I needed someone close to Momo (which in my head meant Kendo due to their shared internship thing with Uwabami) to cause some trouble in paradise and Kendo made sense to me. Anyways, again, I hope you guys liked it! Feel free to leave a review or shoot me a message!

An Odd Place for Comfort

A/N: Is me thanking everyone at the beginning of every chapter getting old? Eh, maybe. Do I care? NOPE! Because you guys are freaking awesome and deserve the recognition. To all y'all who leave guest reviews, I wish I could respond to each of you individually, but trust me, I hear what you're saying. Anyways, as always, I hope you guys enjoy!\

Chapter 4: An Odd Place for Comfort

Mina wasn't very sure what was happening, and she hated that. Jiro had been hiding away for days and then when she came to class she ignored Kaminari. Near as she could tell, something must have happened between the two of them that damaged the friendship. Of course, that worried her. A), Jiro was her friend and seemed upset which was a no-go; and B) she wanted them to get together and that couldn't happen if they hated each other. But mostly the friend thing. Mostly that.

And now the two were back to normal, ribbing each other and smiling and talking. And Mina didn't understand it at all. Sure, she was happy for them both but still she was very confused. Did something happen? Were they just friends still or, dare she hope, something more? She spent all of class studying the two and couldn't reach a definitive response. Mina sighed and just decided to be happy for her friend. As long as she showed up to dance class that is. If not, well, Mina could hardly help what would happen next.

"This is the final dance lesson, huh?" Uraraka said, almost wistfully, as she, Iida, and Izuku walked to the gym together. "I'm almost kinda sad to hear that. I was starting to have fun."

Izuku smiled at his friend. He hadn't expected her to like it as much as she did but he found himself in agreement. The dance lessons had always been really fun and he found himself looking forward to

them every night. The fact that it allowed him to be so close to her without anyone thinking twice about it was a nice benefit, he admitted. "I'm with you, Uraraka. I expected it to be kinda awful but it's been fun."

"It's because you have such an awesome partner," she said, flashing him a wink. His heart started racing and he felt like his face was on fire. Uraraka laughed and smiled sweetly. "You're pretty great too, Deku."

"T-t-thanks," he said. His knees felt weak, like really weak. If he fell, would they consider it odd? "How about you, Iida? How do you like it?"

"It's been very informative," he said. He nodded once. "I have learned much about this art of dancing and how to behave in a situation in which it is required." Iida flashed a smirk at Izuku. "It is also, I've decided, quite fun."

Uraraka giggled and Izuku found himself smiling too. "Iida, you are such a dork!"

Iida crossed his arms and turned his head away, but his smile didn't go away. "I have no idea what you are talking about, Uraraka. I'm quite the non-dork I'll have you know." It took forty-six seconds before Iida laughed, followed by Uraraka and Izuku. The three entered the gym laughing like idiots.

Izuku was still chuckling when he looked around the gym. Everyone seemed to be there except….Todoroki was missing. As was Mineta, though he had been talking about not coming. And Sero was missing, but he had been sick all day. Izuku spied Momo nearby and called out. "Momo! Where's Todoroki? He was in class and seemed fine today."

She grimaced, as if she had just swallowed something disgusting, but then put on a polite smile. "He, uh, has an engagement tonight. A date, he called it, with Kendo from Class 1-B."

"Todoroki has a girlfriend?" Uraraka asked. She sounded as surprised as Izuku felt. Todoroki was warming up sure, but only around the class. Him going out with a girl in their class Izuku could picture but outside? It was impossible.

Momo shrugged, and Izuku got the impression something was bothering her. "He didn't make it sound like it was that close of a relationship, Uraraka. Still, he is out."

Izuku wanted to ask more, wanted to ask why Momo seemed bothered, but a loud shout stopped him. "Round Face!" He turned to see Bakugo stomping up. He wasn't sneering and didn't seem particularly violent today, which was good. But he sounded pissed off, which was also normal.

"Bakugo?" Uraraka asked, her face a look of confusion.

"You're my dance partner for tonight," he said, stopping short and looking her dead in the eye, before glancing at Izuku.

"I'm your what?"

Izuku found himself watching the two of them with a growing feeling of dread. *No, no, no*, he thought desperately. *Kacchan, no! Come on, not this too. Please don't take this from me too!* He wanted to say something, anything to interject. But his muscles weren't working. His lips tried to open, his mouth trying to form the words, but it wouldn't work. All he could feel is dread. All he could think of was the old Bakugo, the one who stripped him of his confidence, who did everything he could to crush his dreams. And he was coming back now.

"Please." Bakugo was gritting his teeth, as if the word itself bothered him a lot. "Uraraka. Please. Be. My. Dance partner." Izuku felt his eyebrows go up against his will; Bakugo never acted like that.

"I….Deku?" His muscles returned to normal, the dread retreating for a second. He looked up at her and met her eyes. "Would you mind?

Just for a dance or two?" He thought that she wanted him to say no. Wanted him to demand that Bakugo back down.

He wanted to say it. Instead he said, "S-s-sure. I actually don't feel that great. Pr-Probably have whatever it is Sero does." He chuckled nervously. "I'm gonna go lay down, I'll see you guys later! Have fun!" He turned and began to walk away, his head down low. He didn't want them to see him cry. Not at something so silly like this. Bakugo wasn't stealing anything away from him, he knew that. He never told Uraraka how he felt. She didn't know, Bakugo didn't know. Nobody was hurting him.

So why did he just want to sob?

"Izuku, are you okay?" Iida asked as he walked to the door. Izuku didn't look up. He couldn't afford to.

"I'm fine, just feeling a little sick," he said. "I'm just gonna lie down for a bit."

He didn't stop walking. He could feel all the eyes on him and he just wanted to scream . Nothing in particular. Just let loose and allow his emotions to flow free. But he couldn't. He exited the gym and as soon as the doors closed behind him, he sprinted off, letting out a choking sob as he ran.

When he collapsed onto his bed, burying his face into his pillow, he let out the scream he had been holding in. It was raw, brutal emotion. No words, just feelings and noise. He didn't even bother changing. He just lay in bed, in his uniform, and sobbed.

Mina was beginning to wonder if perhaps she had overstepped her bounds. Things were starting to go wrong and she didn't like it one point. And it had nothing to do with her couples. She was just getting worried about her friends.

The Jiro and Kaminari thing still bothered her as she saw them dancing and laughing together. Did she cause their rift earlier? And,

looking at Momo, why was she dancing with Kirishima? Sure, she knew Todoroki had a date with Kendo, but what caused that to happen? And while Kirishima was being a gentleman the entire time, she felt uneasy. Did her dance lessons cause Todoroki and Momo to drift apart too?

And finally, the biggest red flag, Izuku. The boy had looked like he was about to throw up when Bakugo asked Uraraka to dance with him. And then he had left, claiming to be sick, but Mina knew, she knew, that he was trying to not cry. Did she cause that too? Mina sighed as Aoyama switched to a more pop-y song. Was her shipping actually making things worse? All she wanted was for her friends to be happy and now, now she wasn't even sure if she was doing that anymore.

God dammit. Where had she gone wrong?

What did he do to deserve this? That question kept running through Todoroki's head during the date. That word especially bounced around in his head. A date. He was on a date with a girl and she wasn't Momo. That little fact irked him, mostly because he was mad at himself for not pushing back against Momo's suggestion he go out with Kendo.

"Todoroki?" He looked up, shaken out of his thoughts. Kendo smiled softly at him and gestured to his coffee. "Are you okay? You haven't touched your coffee and you seem like something's wrong."

He sighed. This would have been much easier if Kendo was someone he could hate, but she wasn't. She was nice and considerate and easy-well, less difficult than most for him, he allowed- to talk to. When he paid attention he actually found himself enjoying her company. But she wasn't Momo, and that fact was the reason he couldn't pay attention. "It's nothing, Kendo," he said, taking a drink. The coffee was lukewarm now but he didn't let it show. He discretely switched hands and tried warming it with his fire power. "Just a lot on my mind as of late."

"I know the feeling," she said. Her smile dimmed a bit and she looked at her tea. "I never realized how….terrifying a villain attack could be. I knew it would be tough but I had no idea just how crazy it would be. And how hard it would be to deal with after." She shuddered, very slightly.

Todoroki frowned. "Well, maybe you shouldn't be a hero?" he joked. Her eyes widened and he realized his mistake. "Wait! Sorry, sorry! I was trying to joke!" He sighed and gave her a weak smile. "Izuku is trying to get me to open up more and he thinks that I need to work on my jokes. I guess he's right."

She looked at him for a second and then a small peal of laughter escaped her lips. "Oh, oh my god, for a second I thought you had just criticized me!" She shook her head. "Don't worry about it, Todoroki. I think it's good that you're trying."

His smile felt a bit stronger. "Thanks." He sipped his now warm coffee and smiled at the simple use of his power. It was nice being able to just use it for little things like this. "But, as to what you were saying about the villain attacks, you're right. It is scary. It's hard to deal with the aftermath." He noticed her watching him closely. The attention wasn't unnerving just intense. Like he was being studied. "You struggle with the thoughts of how much evil there is out there, how much damage they can….and you get scared and feel very small."

"That's it exactly," she said in a small voice. "I know we lived. Hell, we even beat them back. But I just feel so scared at times. We could've died. And this is what our lives are gonna be like. It's one thing to know that you're going to fight villains, and it's another thing entirely to fight them." She sipped her tea and looked him dead in the eye. "How do you get by?"

He thought about that. How did he get by? "At first," he said slowly as he thought, "I just kinda shoved it away. I didn't have time for that fear and whenever I felt attacked by it I just powered through. But that was before I had friends. Before my class changed me for the

better. After that, I just look at them. I think about how I have to fight to protect them and how they'll fight to protect me. I take comfort in their presence and how they make me feel safe." He smiled. "And I laugh and joke with them. And it helps."

She smiled. "It's good to hear that, Todoroki." She swished her tea and took a gulp. She closed her eyes. "I'm glad I asked you out." He raised his eyebrows and opened his mouth to speak but she raised a hand. "Let me finish. I'm glad I asked you out, but I know this isn't gonna work. I can't explain it but I know I'm not the one for you."

Todoroki didn't know what to do or say so he just nodded. "I'm… sorry," he said. She smiled back at him and waved a hand.

"For what? Not liking me? Todoroki, we've barely talked before. I can't blame you. This was a long shot for me, and it was mainly because I thought you seemed cute and nice. And you are!" she said quickly. "But, I can tell you're not gonna like me the way I would ever want you to, and I suppose that I'm okay with that." She smirked. "I think we both have different people for us. Don't you agree?" She stood up and walked over to him. He stood up, almost on reflex, and found himself embraced by her.

His mouth opened and closed as he struggled for words. Eventually he reached around and hugged her back. "I think you're right on all counts," he said after a few moments passed.

She looked up at him and gave him a mischievous grin. "Oh, I know. I just didn't realize it until now." And then, quick as lightning, Kendo leaned up and kissed his cheek. "Take care of her," she whispered. And then she left Todoroki standing there, stunned, his face as red as his left hair.

Wait. He snapped out of his fugue and grabbed his coffee, walking quickly out of the cafe. What did she mean take care of her? Did she know?

Todoroki resisted the urge to run back to the dorms, his face hot. And yet, he felt oddly happy.

Jiro woke up, her eyes heavy with exhaustion. She looked at her clock. 2 AM? What the hell?

And then a heavy pounding caught her attention. Someone was at her door, and that someone woke her up. She checked her phone; no texts, at least none from Denki. So, that narrowed it down to precisely everyone in the class. "I'm coming!" she half-yelled, half-grumbled. She pulled on a hoodie and walked over to the door, yanking it open to reveal Mina, still in her pjs. "Mina? Um, what are you doing here so late?"

"Can I come in?" She sounded….upset. Jiro frowned and stepped aside, waving her friend in. She closed the door behind her and sat on her bed, back against the wall. Mina took a seat at the foot of her bed.

"What's going on?" Jiro asked. "Something wrong?"

Mina stayed quiet for a moment, fiddling with the hem of her long nightshirt. "Am I a bad friend?" she asked, her voice quiet. Jiro's eyes widened and she scooted closer to her friend.

"Why do you think that?" she asked, putting a hand on Mina's shoulder.

"You and Kaminari," Mina said, her hands getting more fidgety. "You guys weren't talking for a while and then Todoroki didn't show up to dance and Momo looked hurt and then Izuku ran away almost in tears and I just….I just feel like it's all my fault, Jiro."

Jiro scooted more until she was next to Mina, grabbing her friend's hand. "None of that is your fault, Mina."

"None of it would've happened if I hadn't gone and made that stupid dance class," Mina countered. She wasn't wrong, Jiro allowed. Her

feelings for Kaminari had sort of been brought to the forefront of her mind because of those classes. "Maybe if I hadn't bothered or hadn't tried pushing people together." Mina sighed and brought her knees up to her chest. It killed Jiro to see her normally happy friend like this.

"Doesn't mean you caused it," Jiro said. "The dance lessons were a boon to me at the very least. They may have made things awkward but your heart was in the right place, Mina."

"But what if I ruined Todoroki and Momo's friendship? Or hurt Izuku?" She sniffed, and Jiro realized she was crying. "He's always been so nice to literally everyone and if I hurt him, even indirectly, I could never live with it!" Her tears started to pour down and Mina's shoulders shook.

Jiro was never good at dealing with crying people. She blamed her mom for it. But she couldn't worry about that right now. Her friend needed her and she wasn't going to stand by and do nothing. Jiro grabbed Mina and pulled her into a tight hug. "Mina," she said softly, "it's not your fault. I promise you it's not." She closed her eyes. *Denki is going to kill me,* she thought. "I mean, you arguably helped Kaminari and I get together."

She felt her friend stiffen and then suddenly pull away, looking at Jiro with wide, wet eyes, the brightness back in them. "Are you….you're not lying to make me feel better are you?"

Jiro found herself smiling. "I promise, Mina. No lying here. Kaminari and I are one hundred percent together."

Mina's eyes went wider and then her lips spread into a huge smile. "Oh my god! Jiro!" Suddenly Jiro was the one who was being hugged, the tackle causing her to fall back against the wall. "That's amazing oh my god!" She pulled away. "Wait! Then why were you fighting? Did you confess and he couldn't handle it? OR did he confess? Which was it!"

"It wasn't that. I just called him Denki and got embarrassed and over thought it. Eventually I got sick of avoiding him and just confessed. And now boom." Jiro narrowed her eyes and glared at her friend. "And no, you're not allowed to ask for details or tell anyone OR bother Kaminari. If I wanna share, I will. Deal?"

"Deal!" Mina laughed. "Oh my god that's a huge weight lifted off of me. I'm so glad I didn't ruin you guys."

Jiro quirked an eyebrow and smiled. "I think we could've handle you," she teased. "As for the others, we're teenagers, Mina. We do stupid things, react stupidly to things, and in general are just kind of a mess. But, we're at least slightly better than normal. They'll pull through, don't worry."

Mina nodded and smiled. "Thank you, Jiro." She got up and walked to the door. "I'm glad you and Kaminari are together."

"So am I," Jiro said. "Now go to bed, it's late." Mina nodded and left her room. Jiro flopped onto her bed and absently grabbed her phone. She probably should get some sleep, but she needed to relax after that. She grabbed her headphones and put on the song Kaminari had recommended.

Izuku couldn't sleep and he hated that. He usually had no trouble sleeping. Though, he did have a nasty habit of working himself to exhaustion, but still. And yet, tonight he found himself unable to sleep for more than an hour at most. Usually he woke up sweating, waking up from a nightmare involving Uraraka kissing Bakugo at the dance. Or Bakugo stealing Iida and Todoroki and everyone else in the class away from him too. He kept imagining it; being all alone like he had been in middle school. At least then it had been easy, all things considered.

He groaned and swung up off of his bed. He had changed into his pjs during one of his restless periods, hoping it would help. It did, for a time, but soon the it began again. Now, he figured that sleep was not coming anytime soon. He left his room, closing his door quietly,

and began to head down to the common room. Maybe a late night snack could help, or maybe just a change in environment.

As he reached the common room he noticed the lights were on. Izuku frowned. It was 2 AM, who else would be up at this time? He entered, knocking on the open door as he did so. "Hello?"

"Izuku?" He turned to the direction of the voice and Sato in the kitchen, a teapot on the counter with two mugs next to it. "What are you doing up?"

"I could ask you the same thing," Izuku joked. Sato smiled and shrugged, as if admitting Izuku got him. "But I, I couldn't sleep." The smaller boy went and took a seat on one of the couches, looking at Sato. "It's been a rough night, you know?"

"I'm up because of my Quirk. Throws my whole sleep schedule off," Sato said. He grabbed a third mug from the cabinet and placed it by the teapot. "But I get the rough day thing. I'm making some cherry black tea if you want any. It doesn't have caffeine so no worries about sleep being screwed up."

"I'd love some," Izuku said. "Tea sounds really good and welcome right now." He sniffed the air. He hadn't noticed earlier but the kitchen smelled like cinnamon and vanilla and buttery goodness. "What are you making? It smells amazing."

"Some scones," Sato said as he took a seat at the table, moving the tea supplies with him. "When I can't sleep I just bake. It's calming and seems to improve everyone's mood in the morning when they have some freshly baked treats." He smiled. "Even Bakugo's."

Izuku laughed but then felt the feelings of dread and loneliness begin to well up in him again and he found himself struggling to hold back tears. He looked away and bit his lip, trying to not cry in front of Sato. "Whoa! Izuku, are you okay?"

"I-I'm fine." His voice cracked. It was so obvious that he was about to cry.

Sato was quiet and then he spoke up again, his voice softer. "Did I ever tell you about when I first started baking?" Izuku shook his head no, refusing to look up or speak again. "It was when I was young, maybe seven or eight. My mom was out for the day, I think on business, and she wouldn't be back until the next day. So my dad got an idea. He decided that he and I would bake her favorite brownies for when she came back." Sato laughed. "It was a damn disaster. They turned out fine but my dad and I had no idea what we were doing."

Izuku smiled, imagining the scene. The idea of a young Sato made him chuckle a little. He wiped his eyes and looked up. Sato smiled at him. "So, what happened?"

"My mom said she loved them, but we made sure to give her the only non burned pieces. Some of them were deformed, some were thicker than the others, and we found an eggshell in one. It was crazy. And yet, I had a blast. I loved baking and my dad realized that. So he turned it into a sort of father-son thing. We both started baking once a month, trying new recipes. Trying to get better at it. It worked out for me because of my Quirk, but it was just a ton of fun." Sato picked up the teapot and began pouring tea into the three mugs. He grabbed one and walked over to give it Izuku before taking his place at the table. "Years later, here I am, still doing it. Though I'm a lot better."

The mug was warm in Izuku's hands and he felt better. The simple story took his mind off of his issues and there was something inherently welcoming about Sato. He was big and friendly and called himself Sugar Man. He was adorable. Izuku smiled at that thought and took a sip of the tea. It had cream and honey in it, and the cherry flavor was perfect. "Thank you, Sato."

"You told him the story too?" Izuku blinked and turned to see Iida walking in, wearing his pjs and a smile. "Is it your go-to-story for us

late night people?"

Sato laughed. "Psh. It's a good story."

"Iida? What are you doing up?" Izuku asked.

Iida smiled softly as he grabbed the other mug off of the table and sat on another couch near Izuku. "For a while now I've had trouble sleeping myself." His expression became grimmer, but he didn't stop smiling. "Ever since Stain, I've had nightmares. Imagining it being me. Or my brother….dying. Thinking about losing any of my friends like that, powerless to save them. It haunts me." He let out a short little chuckle. "The first night it happened, I came here and found Sato baking. We talked and it made me feel better."

"So now we kinda make it a thing," Sato said. He was over by the oven, pulling out a tray of scones. The smell made Izuku's mouth water. "At least once a week we meet up and talk. It can be about heavy stuff or just chatting. But the rule is, anything said over tea in here stays between us." He smiled at Izuku as he plated some scones and brought them over to the boys. "What's eating you, Izuku?"

Iida grabbed a scone and bit into it with gusto. "Yesh." He swallowed, crumbs sticking to his face. "Please, Izuku, share. Keeping things inside is only going to lead to more pain. I think I know that better than almost anyone."

Izuku looked at his cup of tea, mulling it over. He wanted to tell them, he knew he should. But it scared him… and yet. He looked at their faces. Sato's, wide, welcoming smile, and Iida's relaxed but comforting gaze. He could trust them. "I'm scared….of losing my friends," he said softly. "To villains, yeah, but….I mean more like, losing them as friends. Having them leave my life."

"Does this have anything to do with what happened with Uraraka earlier?" Iida asked gently.

"Yes," Izuku said, feeling very small all of a sudden. "I….didn't have a whole lot of friends in middle school. None really. And, I don't know, that just made me fear that I would be losing everyone again."

"Bakugo's the reason, isn't he?" Sato asked. "For your lack of friends then and your fear now, right?"

Izuku found himself nodding. "I….Kacchan and I, we were friends when we were little. We really were. But when he got his Quirk and mine didn't show, something changed. We grew distant and suddenly, I was alone. Alone and scared. I thought I had friends but they followed Kacchan….and there I was, just wishing for my friend back."

"You got scared something similar would happen." Iida didn't ask it as a question, he just said it softly as a fact.

"It's silly, isn't it?"

"Not really," Sato said. He smiled at Izuku. "What you went through sounds miserable. I'm not sure I would be as cheerful and friendly as you if I went through that, and I know I would feel that fear big time. It's not something you can just get over."

Izuku felt something shift and turned to see Iida sitting next to him. "Your fear is perfectly reasonable and unreasonable at the same time. And the reason why is simple." He turned and smiled at Izuku; the warmest, brightest smile he had seen from Iida. "We are your friends, Izuku. We have stood by your side and fought through hell together. You have saved my life and my spirit from my own thirst for vengeance. At one point or another you have stood up for all of us, showed us your strength, your courage, and your heart. And we will all stick with you for that. You, Izuku Midoriya, are a friend that's worth having and one I would fight through hell to keep."

Tears stung his eyes and Izuku thought he was going to cry again. "I….Iida…."

"Same here, buddy," Sato said, grinning. "I've seen the type of person you are, and I know I wouldn't leave you behind. And you know Uraraka knows this better than me, hell, better than almost everyone else. She's always been at your side. She's not gonna leave you that easily."

Well, that was it. Izuku let out a sob, smiling as tears flowed down. He felt arms wrap around him as Iida pulled him in tight for a hug. "Thank you," he said, tears still running down his cheeks. "Thank you."

"We've got you're back, Izuku," Iida said. "Always."

A/N: Hey guys, I know this is "late" for me but well, I'm only human. Just a heads up though, I may not update for a bit due to a family vacation that's coming up. If I do, well, surprise, but just don't expect anything within the next week. Anyways, I hope you enjoy! I really like the idea of Iida acting as a sort of older brother figure to Izuku, determined to protect him to the end, and Sato just seems so underused. I figured a Sugar Quirk would definitely give him some weird sleep times, especially with his backlash, and so he made sense to me to be here too. Anyways, I hope you guys enjoyed! Feel free to leave me a review or shoot me a message with questions, complaints, compliments, or if you just wanna say hi! Thanks!

How to Handle Love

A/N: And I'm back from vacation! Here's hoping I can keep up the good work and give you guys a new chapter to enjoy. Not really a whole lot to say here. As always, thank you so much to all of you who read, favorite, follow, review, all of that jazz. It means a lot to me and I hope I can continue to give you guys a story you'll love. Anyways, let's get to it!

Chapter 5: How to Handle Love

Ochako was confused about what had happened. Last night, the dance lesson… why had Bakugo asked her to dance? And Deku had just left….what was going on?

She sighed and buried her face in her hands. She knew why she was feeling upset about it. Dancing with Deku had been fun and sweet and she wanted more of it. It wasn't like she had been hoping he would've told Bakugo no; but he could've at least stuck around for her to dance with later, or talk to. Instead he left, saying he was sick. Ochako had watched him leave, wanting to say something but not knowing what to say.

And there was the talk with Bakugo after the dance. That was still fresh in her mind.

Tuesday Night

"Bakugo!" The light-haired boy paused in the hall and looked over his shoulder at Ochako as she came running up. "Hold on a sec!"

"What?" he asked. He didn't sound hostile which was a good thing. His face wasn't in a sneer either so Ochako felt like she was in the clear. For now, at the very least.

"Why me?" she asked. "Why did you ask me to dance with you tonight?"

Bakugo stared at her and then smiled. "Why do you think? You're one of the only girls in this school I can respect, Round Face."

Well, she didn't expect that. "What do you mean?"

He turned to face her fully and shrugged. "You know what I mean. During our fight you showed determination, strength, resolve, cunning. All of that. You put up a good fight to the end." He smirked. "I respect the hell of that."

"But why did you ask me to *dance* ?" Ochako asked. "You seemed to be fine with Kirishima! And why tonight of all nights? Why wait so long?"

His smile faltered and she watched him turn his head away slightly, looking up at the ceiling. A minute passed before he spoke. "I've never danced with a girl before," he said. "Never bothered going to any of those lame dances back in middle school. No use in going, I thought. And now, there's this big high school dance and I got paired up with a guy for the lessons." He scoffed. "So, I wanted to see if I was missing out on something. People make it sound like dancing with a girl is the greatest goddamn thing in the world. Like it's supposed to make you realize how much you care for her or some crap like that."

Ochako's face turned red and she suddenly felt very weak and very warm. "Wait, Bakugo….did you just say you liked me?!" she squeaked.

He looked at her quickly, a shocked expression on his face. And then he laughed, a big, loud laugh that filled the hall. "Like you?! Hell no, Round Face!" He laughed a bit more, doubling over as he seemed to struggle to breath. Ochako looked at him, eyes wide, but her blush slowly fading. "I respect the fuck out of you, but I don't like you. I just wanted to see if I was missing anything. Turns out, I wasn't."

"Wait….that's seriously it?" Ochako exclaimed. "That's the whole reason? I….why didn't you ask me earlier then?"

Bakugo raised an eyebrow. "Because Kirishima was more fun. And come on, Uraraka." He called her by her name. She knew it meant that he was serious. But then he smirked, as if daring her to challenge what was coming. "I'm no idiot. I know that you like that damn nerd, and I'm sure he likes you right back. And it was fucking killing me. I mean, for fuck's sake, Uraraka! *I can* tell you guys like each other. So I thought, hey, maybe if I act like I'm making a move on you he'd do something, or maybe you would." Bakugo sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose in frustration. Ochako was stunned meanwhile, and her mind was barely functioning. "Instead, what happened? Nothing, because you two are wimps."

"I… What? You….you were trying to set us up?" Ochako decided to ignore that Bakugo seemed to think Deku liked her. And that he knew she liked Deku. Those would only complicate things for now. "Are you secretly with Mina? Wait, do you love romance stories, Bakugo?" She clasped her hands together and stared at the boy, smiling. "That's so cute!"

Bakugo stiffened and turned away, digging his hands into his pocket. "Psh, you don't know what the fuck you're talking. See ya later, Round Face." He walked off, leaving Ochako alone, her smile slowly leaving her face as she processed what he said.

He thought Deku liked her. Deku….might like her.

Dammit that made things harder.

Present

Ochako had no idea what to do. Oh sure, she had come to terms with her crush on Deku not too long ago but, what if Bakugo was right? It was one thing to just put her feelings to the side when it seemed one-sided. But what if it wasn't? What if Deku and her had the chance to date?

Ugh. She had no idea what to do and she doubted she would figure it out in time for the dance. The dance was less than a week away

and if she truly wanted to do something about Deku and her she figured that the dance would be the best chance for it.

Her phone buzzed, saving her from her own mental hell. It was Tsu, simply asking if she was ready to go meet Best Jeanist and his designers. Ochako groaned; she had almost forgot about that. She replied that she was leaving now and got up to go. She was thankful for the distraction and was excited to see what Jeanist would come up with, but had a quiet fluttering sensation in her belly. Deciding to ignore it, Ochako rushed out to the door to hurry and meet Tsu.

Todoroki leaned against the wall, trying to act as if he was as patient and immobile as stone, as cool as a glacier. In reality, he was shaking on the inside. Since his….outing, he decided to think of it as, with Kendo he had been trying to find an opportunity to talk with Momo. None had arisen during class and she seemed to almost be purposely avoiding him. But, he figured the appointments with Jeanist would offer him a chance. Every student from 1-A was to meet him after dinner and he had made sure to get there early to get his over with. He had only half-listened to what the designers had said about his suit. His mind was singularly focused on what he planned to do after.

And so he stood there, waiting. Biding his time. He had seen her go in and she had seemed to be avoiding his gaze. Jiro had looked back at him with a questioning gaze he couldn't answer before following her friend into the gym where Jeanist had set up shop. He tapped his foot against the ground absently, waiting for her to come out. It would take a while; he knew that and he could wait. If his nerves didn't get to him first that was.

He heard the doors open and close and saw Jiro walking out towards him, a small frown on her face. "Todoroki," she said. "What's going on with you and Momo?"

"It's a long story," Todoroki said. He looked Jiro in the eye and felt his knees weaken briefly, his nerves getting the best of him. "Is-is she mad at me?"

Jiro looked at him for a moment and then smirked, as if she understood something. "Ah, I get it. Well, good luck, hot stuff." She walked by and clapped him on the shoulder. Todoroki watched her walk away, both emboldened and confused. She walked by Kaminari, Kirishima, and Bakugo as they headed towards the gym and stopped to chat with Kaminari for a moment, the two giggling. Strange.

As the group of three boys, with Kaminari hurrying to catch up, entered the gym, Momo exited. Todoroki straightened almost immediately and began to walk to meet her. "Momo!" She looked at him and looked away, not stopping.

"Yes, Todoroki?" she replied, her voice not cold per se, but not welcoming.

"Can I talk to you?" He saw her hand clench but she still smiled at him, even though her eyes didn't.

"Of course. What is it?"

He took a deep breath as they walked and then quickened his pace so he stood in front of her. She stopped before him and looked at him strangely. "It's about what happened yesterday," he began.

"Oh. Right, your date with Kendo." Her tone was more alive but it was so….not sad, but it was like she was trying to hold back sadness. "How was it? Did you enjoy it?"

Oh, Momo. He smiled sadly. "No," he said softly. "It was no date." Her eyes widened but he wasn't going to stop now. "I….I don't want to go out with her, Momo. I didn't want to get coffee with her, but I didn't know how to say no. I wasn't strong enough. But I don't want to get coffee and tea with her. I don't want to get it with anyone else either. I want to get it with you, Momo. I don't want to date Kendo or any other girl. I want to be with you." He was too far in now to stop. He looked beyond her, not wanting to lose his resolve now. "I care for you, Momo Yaoyorozu. I like you. Your heart, your courage, your

strength, your creativity, your beauty. Every inch, inside and out, of you is amazing to me." Todoroki forced himself to meet her eyes and gave her his most sincere, softest smile. "I want to be able to be with you, to show you with my actions and words how amazing you really are."

He may have overdone it, he thought, but he couldn't take his words back. They were out there and they expressed his true feelings. Now he just had to wait and see. If she accepted the words then he was fine. If not….well, he would just have to live with the pain.

Momo looked at him, almost as if dumbfounded, but then she smiled. A single, glorious, intensely beautiful smile that shook him to his core and made his heart jump. "Todoroki." Then she pulled him in tight, leaned up, and kissed his cheek, just below his burn. "I….I'm glad to hear it." She pulled away and smiled again. "I was worried. I didn't want to let Kendo take you out but I thought….I never thought you liked me too."

"How could I not?" Todoroki said, his heart slowly coming down from it's perch in his throat. "Did you not hear the part where I said you're amazing?"

"I heard it," she said, laughing. She then grabbed his hand and held it with a tight grip. "So, I guess we're dating now, hmm?"

He smiled and squeezed her hand. Then he leaned down and kissed her forehead. "Looks like it," he said softly. "Do you… want to go get some tea? I know it's late but I feel like I owe you a cup or two."

She smiled up at him, a glint in her eye. "I would love some tea, Todoroki. But, I think that it may be a bit late to go out." He deflated a bit but knew she was right. "However, I have a kettle in my room along with some tea." She was blushing but he was pretty sure he was as well. "You wanna come?"

"You'd have to knock me out to stop me," he said as they began to walk off together, hands entwined.

Ochako sighed as she left the gym. She had never known that getting tailored would be such a tiring experience… was that even the right word for it? She didn't know, and didn't care. This wasn't something she was used to. It was cool and all, but a little too much for her taste. As long as the dress fit, she thought, it would be worth it though.

As she started to head back to her room she caught a flash of green further down the hall. She grinned and started to run after him. "Deku!" she called out. The boy turned and flashed a smile at her, waiting for her to catch up.

"Hey, Uraraka," he said. "You just get done with the tailoring?"

"Yup!" she said, smiling brightly. She couldn't help it; he did that to her. "How about you? You all done being treated like a doll?"

He chuckled and they began walking together. "It was something else wasn't it? I didn't expect it to be quite so….intense."

She laughed. "I'm glad to see you're feeling better, Deku," she said. "I didn't get a chance to tell you earlier." Ochako felt her pinks warm up a little but she pushed through it. Dammit, if she couldn't at least talk to him without blushing she couldn't hope to do anything more.

"Yeah, luckily it was nothing serious," he said, rubbing his neck. "Just needed to lie down and relax. Still, did I miss anything at the lesson? Any last minute tips from Mina and Aoyama?"

"Nope, just the usual stuff. You didn't miss anything." He nodded and the two of them walked in comfortable silence. Until Ochako remembered what Bakugo said.

" *I'm sure he likes you right back."*

The warmth escalated and Ochako stopped suddenly, trying to get a hold of herself. She heard Deku stop next to her as well, but she couldn't face him yet. "Ochako? What's up?"

I've gotta try something, she decided. *Anything.* She looked up and met his green eyes. "Hey, Deku….do you remember when I called you my dance partner?" He nodded, looking confused. "Well, I realized that I never really asked earlier so, um," she felt the blush getting worse and worse but she had to do this, "would you like to be my dance partner for the actual, you know, dance?" His green eyes widened and his cheeks turned a light pink before he looked away, staring at the floor. Ochako grimaced and felt her stomach twist into knots. "Just as friends, of course. But….I understand if you don't want to or anything."

He mumbled something and she leaned in. "What was that?" she asked.

Deku looked up and met her eyes. He was still pink, but his eyes were bright and warm, his smile just as warm. "I said yes. Of course, Uraraka. You didn't even need to ask." Her stomach unknotted itself and decided to instead get flooded with butterflies. But Ochako smiled and….she was happy. Even if it was just as friends, she would be dancing with him some more.

"You know though," she said, as if a new thought had arrived. "You might be all rusty from missing that lesson. If you need some help, just let me know."

He made a spluttering sound. "I-I, sure thing?" She laughed and lightly punched his shoulder.

"Just teasin' ya, Deku. Come on, let's go to our rooms. I don't know about you but I am beat! Don't wanna get Aizawa mad!" Deku laughed and nodded, following her up the stairs. As they parted ways she clenched a fist. "Yes," she whispered. She could do this. She would.

Ochako Uraraka was done hiding her feelings.

Kaminari idly browsed on his computer, his phone in his other hand as he simply looked at the computer's screen. Nothing there was

interesting him and the fitting was done and dusted. He had even done the homework earlier. There was nothing to do.

Well, nothing to do but wait. He once unlocked his phone only to confirm, once again, that Kyoka had not texted him to say she was on her way. The two of them had agreed to hang out tonight in his room and he was going crazy with waiting. And not because of anything he wanted to do with her either. Despite his bravado he wasn't ready for anything like that. But laying in bed together and some kissing? He could do that. But the biggest draw for Kaminari was just being with her, even though it sounded sappy even to himself.

Someone knocked at his door, and he practically fell over himself to open it up. Maybe it was Kyoka! Maybe she decided to surprise him. *It could happen*, he thought. He threw the door open, ready to give her a big hug.

Only, it wasn't his girlfriend at the door. It was Kirishima who gave him both a sheepish smile and a confused eyebrow raise. At the same time. Kaminari was impressed. "Kirishima?" he asked. "What are you doing here?"

"Can….Can I talk to you?" His friend looked nervous, tapping his toes against the ground and his hands buried in his pockets. Kaminari frowned but nodded, letting his friend in. Kirishima gave him a nod and sat on the bed. "Thanks," he said as Kaminari closed the door and sat in his chair. "I just needed someone to talk to and you were the first person I thought of going to."

"That can't be good," Kaminari joked. Kirishima gave him a weak smile and Kaminari frowned again. "Dude, what's up? Speak your mind."

"I don't quite know what's up though," the redhead said. "I….I've been feeling uneasy as of late and I think I know the cause but…."

"If you're scared to say it why did you come?" Kaminari asked bluntly. "Come on, Kirishima. It's me. You can trust me and you know it. That's why you're here."

Kirishima nodded and took a deep breath. "I….like someone."

Oh. Kaminari hadn't been expecting that and he struggled to figure out what to say. "Oh….um, why me then? Wouldn't Mina be better for that?"

His friend laughed, almost bitterly. "Probably. But I didn't feel okay with telling her this, not yet anyways."

"Well, who do you like then?" Kaminari asked, leaning in towards his pal. "If I can hear that maybe I can help some more."

"Bakugo." It was said as a whisper and Kaminari almost thought he had misheard. But the way Kirishima looked, staring down at the floor as if broken in some way, told him he had heard perfectly. "I-I know what you're going to say."

"Do you?" Kirishima looked up and Kaminari grinned at him. "Something like 'Oh! I didn't know you were gay'? Well, sorry to break it to you, but that doesn't matter to me, Kirishima. Gay or straight or anything in between you're my friend. Doesn't change who you are."

Kirishima's mouth opened and closed, forming words but never saying anything, for a few moments before he smiled sheepishly. "Yeah, something like that. But also, 'Why Bakugo?!'."

Kaminari shrugged but smiled. "Well, yeah I thought that but hey. The heart wants what it wants. I mean, look at me and Kyoka-" Oh fuck. Kirishima's eyes widened.

"You two are dating." It wasn't a question and Kirishima seemed to be looking straight into Kaminari's heart. His eyes narrowed. "I'll bother you about this later."

"Thank you," Kaminari said. "Let's, uh, let's help you out first. So, why does liking Bakugo bother you?"

"It… It doesn't? But it does? It's complicated and my head's kind of a mess." Kirishima took a deep breath in and then slowly exhaled. "Yesterday, when he asked Uraraka to dance with him I felt hurt in a way that I didn't expect. I've known for a while that I felt more for him than just friendly feelings. I admire his strength, his determination, his ambition, but I've also gotten to know him better and his drive and who he is and it all just added up. But….when he asked Uraraka it hit me. He probably doesn't even like guys." Kaminari's eyes widened as he watched a tear roll down the other boy's cheek. "And now… with the dance and everything, I don't know what to do."

Kaminari didn't speak for a minute or two. He didn't know what to say; this was new territory for him. But, he had to say something. This was his best friend, dammit. "Let's do this one thing at a time," he said, more to himself than anything. "Thing one, Uraraka." He thought about it and then smiled. Oh, well that was easy. "First off, Kirishima, I don't think you'll have to worry about her. See, I'm not super great at picking up on social cues and all that, but I'm pretty damn sure Uraraka's already got a guy in mind."

"Doesn't mean Bakugo can't still like her."

"That's a fair point. But, I don't think he does. If I'm right, I'm pretty sure Uraraka likes Izuku and I think Bakugo knows that. I mean, he's known Izuku for a long ass time right? Sure, they don't get along great but I doubt Bakugo forgot everything he knew about Izuku. And besides, think about Bakugo for a second. He barely interacts with Uraraka. Does he respect her? Eh, maybe. He flips out on her less than others. But like her? I doubt it.

"But… with you, I don't know. I don't know how Bakugo thinks when it comes to stuff like this." Kaminari got up and walked to his friend, putting his hand on the boy's shoulder. "But I know this. He respects the fuck out of you. You saved him, Kirishima. He let you save him, Bakugo, the proud stubborn bastard that he is. He talks to you,

hangs out with you. For all intents and purposes, your his closest friend. I don't know if that means he likes you though, and honestly, I don't know if I could ever tell."

"So what should I do?" Kirishima's red eyes met Kaminari's gold ones and the electric-user sighed. He didn't know.

"I don't know," he admitted. He sat down next to his friend and thought it over. "But, you still want to be his friend?"

"Of course."

"Then go to the dance and mess around. Continue being his friend….I was once like you with Kyoka. Never could tell if she liked me when I knew so very clearly that I liked her. But I still wanted to be her friend and I did everything I could to still be her friend. And maybe she grew to like me or maybe she always did. But the hard part about this kind of stuff is the uncertainty. But….that's part of it, you know?" Kaminari had no idea what he was doing but….he couldn't stop. The words felt right and true and he felt like Kirishima needed to him them. "So, if you want my advice, be Bakugo's friend. Just stay by his side and be his friend. Maybe you'll lose feelings for him, maybe you'll learn for sure how he feels, but the point is, it'll get you somewhere."

The room was silent for several minutes as Kirishima stared down at the floor. Kaminari stayed by his side and waited. His friend wasn't leaving the room until he was feeling better. Finally, Kirishima stirred and looked up at Kaminari. He was smiling, his normal teeth baring grin. "You're right, dammit. You oblivious idiot, you're right." He laughed and Kaminari felt himself grinning in return. "Agh! I can't believe I acted like this! I let a silly crush get the best of me!" Kirishima jumped to his feet and offered his hand to Kaminari. He took it and was pulled into a bear hug which he returned happily. The two parted and Kirishima's grin seemed even bigger. "Thanks, Kaminari. You're a good man." Then he smirked. "Though, I will be back to interrogate you later about Jiro. You're going to spill the

beans!" He laughed and headed to the door, pausing briefly. "But….in all seriousness, thank you."

"Anytime, Kirishima. I've got your back the whole way through." Kirishima laughed and waved back as he left, closing the door shut behind him. Kaminari smiled faintly and collapsed back onto his bed. That was surprisingly tiring, being a pep coach, but it was well worth it. Kirishima was the last person who should be sad.

A knock came from his door, and Kaminari looked up confused. Who….Kyoka! He got up and tripped on his own feet as he hurried to the door, managing to throw it open to reveal an amused looking Kyoka, twirling a jack around her finger. "Do you fall every time I come over?" she asked.

"Psh. Not every time," he said as she walked in. He closed the door behind him and walked up to her. She was ready and spun around to hug him back, her head tilted up to meet his lips as he kissed her. Oh lord this was a welcome relief from the heaviness of earlier. He allowed himself to sink into the kiss, into her warmth and how nice she tasted and smelled. Kyoka opened her mouth slightly and he felt her tongue probe his mouth. He smiled inwardly and let her tongue slip in, only to begin to fight back with his own tongue, the two doing an intimate and hot dance.

The two teens pulled apart what felt like hours later, both breathing heavily. Kyoka was blushing and he was pretty warm too but right now….right now he was just happy. "Wanna lie down?" she asked, tugging his hand. "I brought a new band for us to check out."

Kaminari grinned. For all the emotional struggle he had went through before finding out how she felt, he would go through it a thousand times over to just have moments like these. "Hell yeah." He jumped onto his bed and pulled her on top of him, both of them laughing as they lay there together. He hoped everyone could one day feel this.

A/N: Hey everybody! So I hope you all liked it! I figured that I hadn't really talked much about Kirishima and well, I hope that you guys

liked what I did. I know I'm not the only one who pairs him with Bakugo and I do genuinely think that Kirishima would like him. Anyways, enough about my ships. Please leave a review with criticism or compliments or questions or just to say hi! They mean a lot and help keep me motivated. I'll probably be wrapping this whole thing up in about two chapters, so just a heads up.

Unseen Yet Obvious

A/N: Hey guys! Sorry, I've been both busy with work and also obsessively watching FMA:B, so….yeah, my bad. Anyways! This is probably gonna be the penultimate chapter so heads up there. Once again, thanks for all the love and support! You guys are the best! Hope you enjoy

Chapter 6: Unseen Yet Obvious

"Ojiro!" The blond boy in question turned to see Toru pouting as she sat on her bed. The two of them had met up to study for the upcoming test. Despite the fact that the dance was in two days Aizawa still insisted that their education came first, dance be damned. Of course, even if there had been no test Ojiro would have probably still been in here.

"What's up, Toru?" he asked, smiling softly at her. He could imagine pretty easily her puffed out cheeks and her eyes staring directly at him. Brown eyes seemed to be his go-to when imagining her; they just seemed to fit her.

"I'm boooored," she whined, falling back onto her bed with a plop. "We've been studying for so long!"

"Well, you wanna go to the dance, yeah?" Ojiro said, turning around to fully face her. He watched as she grabbed a stuffed bear and held it up in front of her.

"Of course, silly." She giggled and Ojiro's smile widened a bit more.

"Then use that to motivate you. Aizawa threatened to hold us back from the dance if we failed the test. And you know how fast he can grade when he wants to."

"But we're not gonna fail it," Toru said. She looked right at him and even though he couldn't see it, he knew she was smiling brightly.

"For one thing, Ojiro, you're super smart. You're guaranteed to pass. And I'm gonna pass because you helped me out! It's as simple as that."

"You're gonna make me blush, Toru!" Ojiro said, rubbing his neck and glancing away. But he still smiled. His tail bumped against the floor a couple of times and he turned back to her. "Still, your confidence is infectious, Toru. I'll trust you on this."

He caught the teddy bear she threw at him as she laughed. "Good to hear, Ojiro! Now, what should we do?"

Ojiro smiled at her antics. Toru was lovable, yes, but she could sometimes act so much younger than she was. It was adorable, he had to admit. "Hmm, I don't know….but I'm guessing you have something in mind."

Toru beamed and he found himself chuckling. He knew her well. "Well, since you said that, Ojiro, I'll tell you exactly what I have in mind." She skipped over to him and then leaned in towards his ear. "I….want… you," she whispered in a breathless tone, causing him to blush like mad, "to go with me to get a snack!" She finished with a happy chirp, grinning ear to ear. Ojiro looked up at her and sighed.

"Toru, you just want to torment me don't you?"

"Maybe," she laughed. "Now come on! Let's go to the common room! I think Sato was baking brownies earlier and I smelled mint in them! You know how much I love mint, Ojiro! Come on!"

He smiled and got up, stretching a bit. "I suppose we did work pretty hard, huh? We could use a snack."

"Exactly!" She bounced over to her door and Ojiro followed her out. When Toru got excited and chipper there was no stopping her, and besides, he did actually want a brownie now that she mentioned it. Sato made the best treats. The two of them walked together down the hall until a door opened on the floor beneath them.

Ojiro glanced down and smiled. "Oh hey, it's Tokoyami. Looks like he's looking for a snack too."

Toru hurried over and looked down too. "But… why is he looking so secretive?"

It was true. Tokoyami was looking around the hall furtively, his eyes darting this way and that as he began to head towards the stairs. A second set of footsteps sounded from the stairwell and Ojiro frowned. Someone else?

"Ojiro!" He looked up only to see Toru huddling by the stairwell, peering down, her voice a loud whisper. He hurried over and huddled down next to her, though he had no idea why.

"Toru? What are you doing?" Why was he whispering? It wasn't like they were breaking curfew.

"Tsu is with him," she said quietly. She pointed down and Ojiro risked a look down. And she was right; Tsu and Tokoyami were with each other, talking quietly as they hurried down the stairs.

"Huh….maybe they're both going to get a snack?" He turned to Toru only to see her bra as his friend lifted up her shirt. He turned away, blushing. "Toru! What are you doing?"

He heard clothes rustle and hit the ground and knew she was stripping off the rest of her clothes. "Sorry, Ojiro," she said, the little tremor in her voice showing her embarrassment. "But those two are up to something and I gotta find out what! Can you hold my clothes and follow behind me, but at a distance?"

Ojiro looked at the clothes on the floor and then at Toru. She was fully naked and he tried not to think about it. It was easier, since well, he couldn't see anything and she was usually naked when they were training. But still, a naked girl was not something he had been involved with a lot before coming to the school.

Not for the first time, Ojiro wondered what the hell had happened to his life. He picked up Toru's discarded clothing and slowly walked down the stairs, making sure to be quiet and give her time to sneak. He heard the front door close quietly and so he left the dorm. Tsu and Tokoyami were nowhere to be seen and he couldn't tell which way they might have went. Sighing, Ojiro went over by the hedge and sat down in the shadows, still holding Toru's clothes. Her bra was on top and he couldn't help notice that it was a nice lavender color… and bigger than he expected. His hand began to move forward and he thought about checking the size. *No harm in that right?*, he thought. Then he paused and sighed. *Don't be Mineta, Ojiro,* he chided himself.

So he sat there and just thought. Mainly about Toru. He was….well aware that he felt something for her. It was obvious to him in the same way that her every feeling was obvious. Those two things were probably linked. But, the dance was in two days. How… how was he supposed to ask her out? He hadn't done anything like that before, hadn't ever thought about asking a girl out. Did he have to? What if she already knew and was okay with it? What if they were already dating and he didn't know it? Ojiro blinked and shook his head. That was a crazy idea.

"Ojiro!" He whipped around and heard Toru laughing softly.

"Toru!" Ojiro faced the source of the sound and let out a deep breath. "You nearly gave me a heart attack!"

"Sorry," she said in a tone that made it clear she really wasn't. He just sighed. "But! I found them and you have to see this! Follow me!"

He wordlessly held up the pile of clothes in his hand. "Do you wanna change first?" She giggled again and he turned his head away as she grabbed clothes and quickly got dressed.

"Thanks," she whispered. "Now come on! Hopefully they're not done yet!" She ran off and he followed behind her, still trying to do his best to be quiet. He wasn't worried about being found by Tokoyami and

Tsu, more about Aizawa finding them. That was the stuff nightmares were made of.

It didn't take long before he heard soft music being played as he and Toru approached a small garden the school kept by the dorms, with a ring of trees around it. Toru began to creep and Ojiro followed her example, stopping next to her at behind a tree. He nearly gasped when he saw what was in the garden but then smiled. "That's so sweet," he whispered into Toru's ear.

Tsu and Tokoyami were slow-dancing to the music in the garden, eyes closed as they seemed to focus intently. Their steps were similar to one of the dances Mina had drilled into them and the two did it flawlessly, even adding their own little bits to it.

"I know right?" Toru squealed next to him. "I knew Tsu had been doing something after dance lessons but she had never shared! Oh my god they're so cute I have to tell Mina!"

Ojiro reached out and gently laid a hand on her head. "Let's let them have this, Toru," he said softly. He watched the two dance. They looked so happy, their smiles soft and tender, their movements fluid and in sync. "It's not our place." She pouted but then sighed and nodded. The two began to sneak their way back to the dorm. The whole way back Ojiro was simply wondering, *Could that one day be us?*

Izuku fiddled with his phone before sighing and dialing his home number. He hadn't talked to his mom for a while and he thought she would love to hear about the dance. It was something that was right up her alley, he thought. He smiled faintly at the thought. She had tried to get him to go to dances back in middle school but after the first couple had seemed to get that he had no interest in it. He was curious to see her reaction to this.

" *Izuku?* " His mom's voice made him smile every time he heard it.

"Hey, Mom," he said, sitting down on his bed. "Sorry if I'm calling you too late. I can call back tomorrow if you prefer."

" *You're not late,"* she said, a chuckle following. *"Just curious. So, what brings my son to call me tonight? Something good, I hope!"*

He laughed. "You could say that. Do you remember how I never went to the school dances in middle school?" His mom made a faint *mmhm* noise. "Well, U.A. is having one this Saturday night and they're even having Best Jeanist's agency make us some formalwear and," he took a deep breath, "I'm gonna go."

"Izuku, really?" His mom sounded so happy, her voice so high and bright. "You're not doing this just for me are you? Because if so, you don't have to, honey. You know that"

"No, Mom," he said, smiling at her knee-jerk reaction. "I'm doing this for me, promise. My friends are going. Uraraka, Iida, Todoroki, Tsu, all of them are gonna be there. I'm excited." He heard a sniffing sound and panicked. "Mom?! Are you crying?"

"Don't be silly," she said, though her voice sounded different. "I'm just super happy to hear it! I should get you something!"

"You don't have to-"

"Too bad! This is your first dance! And I know just the thing. You said Uraraka is going, yes?"

"Mmhm. We've been practicing together for it with the rest of the class." His mom had been interested in her ever since the two met and Izuku had no clue why. Well, besides the fact that Uraraka was amazing.

"Then I know just what I'm going to get! I'll drop it off Saturday before the dance." He could practically hear the little bounce in her steps and the no doubt wide smile on her face.

"I can't convince you no, can I?" he asked, grinning.

"Izuku, you know the answer to that." He shook his head and let out a small laugh.

"Well, I'll see you Saturday then, Mom. I love you."

"Love you too, Izuku. Have a good sleep." Izuku hung up the phone and laid down on bed. He yawned and glanced at his desk, still littered with test materials. Studying had taken up most of his knight and he was tempted to continue. But he figured he had the material down for the most part. Enough to easily pass the test. Izuku shook his head and swung up to turn off the lights. It was time to sleep.

Inko Midoriya couldn't stop smiling after her son ended the call. Her son, her Izuku, was going to a dance. With a girl. With a girl she had met and loved. Though he hadn't said they were going together she knew how her son felt. She could read him like a book, and she knew he felt strongly for Uraraka. So, now was her time to step up and help push her son in the right direction. The only question she had, as she walked to her room from the computer, was if it would be ready in time. Florists hated to be rushed but she knew an old friend. Hopefully she came through.

Ojiro walked out of the classroom feeling pretty good about himself. Toru was right; he totally nailed that test and he was sure she did too. Speaking of, he waited outside the classroom and smiled as she came bouncing on out, grinning ear to ear. "Ojiro! How did it go?"

"You were spot on, Toru," he said, smiling back at her as they began to walk together. "I think I nailed it. What about you?"

"Rocked it!" she said, pumping a fist into the air. "Now! I think we both deserve a reward! How about the mall? I could use some chocolate!" Ojiro laughed and nodded.

"I agree," he said. "Shall we?" Toru laughed and ran off, calling behind her for him to keep up.

The first thing they did upon reaching the mall was immediately rush the candy store. They went there often when they were in a celebratory mood and the owner of the shop recognized them on sight. "The usuals, yeah?" he said, grabbing a bag to fill up with chocolates.

"Add an extra mint, please!" Toru chirped. "I'm feeling especially happy."

"And an extra raspberry?" Ojiro asked. The owner laughed and added the chocolates plus an extra one that he said nothing about. He handed the bag to Toru and then rang them up, charing their usual price. "Sir? It should be more than that."

The owner smiled and shook his head. "You two are good kids. Don't worry about it as long as you keep coming."

Toru laughed, a chocolate in her fingers already. "Of course we will! Nothing beats your place!"

Ojiro smiled and paid the man before following Toru outside. "We should do something for him, for being so nice to us."

"We are!" Toru said. She looked up at him and smiled. "We're enjoying his chocolates and helping him stay in business. At this point we should just buy his store with how much we come!" Ojiro laughed and grabbed a chocolate shaped like a small rose, popping it into his mouth.

"Mm," he said. Raspberry, his absolute favorite. "You got me there." The two of them walked through the mall, munching on chocolates and chatting idly about whatever came to mind. Eventually though, as they began to walk back to the school, Toru brought up last night.

"Tokoyami and Tsu were cute last night," Toru said in a strange tone. Ojiro looked at her, a faint frown on his face. "I never thought she would be the first of us girls to have a boyfriend but I'm happy for her."

"You sure?" Ojiro asked quietly. "You sound upset about something."

Toru shook her head and grabbed another chocolate. "It's not that. I just, I wish I had that. Is that silly of me?"

"Not at all," Ojiro said, looking at her. She had chocolate on her lips and a crazy idea popped into his head. He didn't know if it would work though but he had to try.

"But, who would like me?" she asked back, her voice small and quiet and heartbreaking. Ojiro looked at her, trying not to tear up at how unlike herself she sounded. "I mean, I doubt anyone would hate me but I….no one can see me. Why would anyone like someone they can't see?"

Ojiro gently slid his hand into hers and gave her a soft smile. She looked up at him, but didn't pull away. "Why would someone like you if they can't see you? I'm glad you asked, because I can tell you why I like you." He squeezed her hand tight as they kept walking, now looking forward mostly because he felt himself beginning to blush. "I don't need to see you to like you. You're sweet and funny and energetic and smart and determined. Everything about you is perfect to me, Toru. I don't need to see you with my eyes. After all, I can tell everything about you without seeing your face. You're not invisible to me, Toru, not really." He stopped and then stepped in front of her, never letting go. And then he leaned down and kissed her lips gently.

He expected her to stiffen in surprise before kissing back. That's what happened in the romance movies he had watched at least. Instead, she threw her arms around his neck and went in deeper for the kiss, shocking him. The kiss lasted right up until the border of being indecent and then the two separated. "Well," Toru said, breathing heavily, "I thought you liked me and I knew I liked you but I didn't think that would happen." She giggled. "But it was so good! And your blush is so cute, Ojiro!"

"I guess I decided to just act," Ojiro said, chuckling. "I uh, I don't know. It just felt a lot like we were a couple in all but name at this

point anyways."

"True, true," Toru said, nodding sagely. "But, see, now we're a couple thanks to your silly action." She squeezed his hand. "Now come on! Let's get back and finish off these chocolates, boyfriend." Her voice was teasing but sweet and Ojiro smiled, squeezing her hand back.

"Sounds like we should hurry then, girlfriend," he joked. The two stood there for a few moments before bursting out into laughter. Ojiro found himself leaning down to kiss Toru's head once he got his breath and she pressed up against his side before getting up on her tiptoes to kiss his cheek.

Saturday morning arrived and the dorms were abuzz with excitement as the kids of Class 1-A got up. Sato had made pancakes with Sero's help and the class gathered as a whole into the common room, squeezing in tight as they ate. The talk was muted as everyone had the same thought on their mind; the dance was tonight. All those days of practice, of waiting, they were at an end.

Izuku found the quiet a little disquieting. It wasn't like people weren't talking but it felt more like the air was thick with anticipation and everyone was trying to keep it bottled up inside lest it burst out and kill them. Bakugo was even quiet, only grumbling at him instead of swearing. The quiet continued up through lunch as people broke off into small little groups or just hung out in their rooms, as if not seeing each other would pass the time faster.

He found himself in his room too, for one big reason. Uraraka. Every time he saw her he felt his heart jump into his throat and he always ended up blushing and stuttering like an idiot. For some reason the fact that he was going to the dance as her partner hadn't hit him until today, and now he couldn't face her.

It was almost dinner time when he got a knock on his door. He swung up from his place on his bed and opened up his door to reveal Iida, Kirishima, and Todoroki. "Izuku!" Kirishima exclaimed, grinning ear to ear. "Get dressed, we're going out to dinner!"

Izuku glanced down at himself. "I am dressed though?"

Todoroki sighed and rolled his eyes. "He's been saying that to everyone who we asked just because he was in his pajamas earlier."

"Psh," Kirishima said, grinning. "You put too much importance on yourself, Todoroki. Anyways, Izuku! You in? These two are going and Kaminari said he'd come. Plus, I found this really good Thai place nearby and I know you like Thai iced tea."

"I….sure? But why?" Izuku asked, grabbing a hoodie and his wallet and key. "I mean, the dance is tonight."

"The girls are having their own night out," Iida explained matter-of-factly. "So, Kirishima decided it would be a good idea to have a 'boy's night out'." Izuku suppressed a laugh at Iida's over the top air quotes and just nodded instead. He could see Todoroki faintly smiling next to him though.

"How many are going?" Izuku asked.

"Us four, Kaminari, and Tokoyami," Kirishima said, his grin never leaving his face. "Sato was taking a power nap because he trained a bit too hard. Sero and Shouji are both out on their own, and Ojiro went out shopping for something. Aoyama was apparently helping finalize the dance set up itself and had recruited Kouda to help him… poor kid. The others just said no for unspecified reasons, except for Mineta. Little guy looked comatose for some reason so I let him be."

"Not quite a proper boy's night," Todoroki said lightly. "But I had nothing better to do tonight so I thought I would humor Kirishima."

Kirishima laughed. "Don't bullshit me, Todoroki! You wanted to come, I could tell." Kirishima glanced at the white-red-haired boy and smirked. "Besides, Momo was busy. Otherwise I would expect you to be hanging with her."

"She would be more fun than you," Todoroki said, his smile slightly wider but a faint blush appeared on his cheeks. Izuku smiled at that. At least he wasn't the only one with girl troubles.

"Yo! Kiri!" The small group turned to see Kaminari bounding down the stairs, jumping the last three before running over to the group. "This all? I thought you said Tokoyami was coming, too?"

"He is," Iida said. "He decided to meet us downstairs as we went to get Izuku."

Izuku blinked and then looked at them. "Wait, why did you guys save me for last? Was there even an order to how you were asking people?"

Kirishima's grin turned sheepish. "Well, ya see, I thought you would be out with Uraraka or training to be honest. And also I was pretty sure you'd say yes."

Izuku blushed a deep pink but chuckled. "You know, that makes no sense. I'm just going to pretend you were choosing random rooms."

"Kirishima works in mysterious ways," Todoroki said solemnly as the group of five now walked down the stairs. Iida and Izuku both chuckled at that, and the boy in question grinned back.

Tokoyami looked up at them with solemn eyes and nodded. "Gentlemen. Shall we begin our evening of fun before the soiree?"

"You are something else, my dude," Kaminari chuckled, clasping Tokoyami on the shoulder. "But, you're right. I'm starving! Let's get moving folks!"

Tokoyami raised an eyebrow but joined in with the rest of the boys, hands in his pockets. As they walked Kirishima and Kaminari dominated the conversation. Izuku was happy to listen and chime in when brought into the conversation, letting his worries fall to the back of his mind. Iida was talking to Tokoyami about something or

another and Izuku smiled at the stark difference between the two; Iida's over the top movements and Tokoyami's solemn nature. But, even though this was a welcome change in pace, the dance still loomed in his mind. How the hell could he

"You shouldn't worry so much." Izuku turned to see Todoroki next to him, looking straight ahead. The taller boy glanced aside at Izuku and offered a soft smile. "About the dance, I know you're thinking about it, to some degree or another."

Izuku chuckled sheepishly. "You caught me. I just….it's kind of scary you know? I've never been to a dance before."

"And never with a girl you have feelings for." The two of them were slightly behind the others but Todoroki dropped his voice regardless. Izuku shot him a surprised look. Todoroki knew too? The other boy rolled his eyes. "Oh come on, Izuku. I'm not oblivious. It's clear you have a crush on her. You picked your hero name off of her pet name for you. It's pretty obvious."

"Oh." Well, that was not expected. First Kirishima and now Todoroki; was he really that obvious.

"Still, I don't think you have anything to fear. I get that fear but sometimes we have to rise above emotions like fear." Todoroki smiled at Izuku. "You're not gonna mess up. She's your best friend and she clearly cares a lot about you. You two push each other to be better and I'm sure you would each fight to the death to protect each other. Even if she doesn't like you back, she is still your best friend and I don't think your crush on her will end that."

Izuku thought about that for a moment and then smiled softly. "Thanks, Todoroki."

He shrugged. "Anytime, izuku. Now come on, I'm hungry."

Ochako nearly choked on her water when Mina asked for updates on their dates. The girls had all gone out to dinner before the dance, just

to have a bit of fun and then get ready together, and Ochako had been hoping that it would be lowkey. And it had been; no one asked about Deku or dates or anything. It was just fun, casual talk. And then, boom, Mina did her thing.

"Mina," Jiro sighed, looking at the pink haired girl. "Please? Can we just not for right now? You'll find out when we go to the, you know, dance tonight."

Mina groaned, and she looked as if she was in physical pain over this. "But I need to know! My poor heart can't handle the wait!"

"Well, you'll just have to wait," Jiro said with a very definitive glare. Mina sighed but then smiled mischievously.

"But I already know for yo-" Jiro's glare froze Mina and she just gulped and closed her mouth.

"Jiro, play nice," Momo chided gently. She smiled at Mina apologetically. "Though I do agree. Why not wait? Won't that make the moment all the sweeter?"

Ochako sighed and nodded in agreement. Not that she had a date….technically. Did it count as a date? She was going to the dance with Deku and they were going to dance together, but she did say as friends. Could that change during the dance itself though? She could do something crazy but….she shook her head. Nope. She wasn't going down that rabbit hole right now.

Toru rubbed Mina's head gently. "There, there, Mina. You'll live."

"Will I though?" Her head was flat on the table. "I think I'm gonna die."

Tsu looked at Mina and shrugged. "How did you live this long then? If not knowing about crushes or relationships we have or had kills you I would have thought you'd have died long ago."

"Tsu!" Ochako giggled. "No need to rub in the fact that Mina is so weak." She winked at the frog-girl who chuckled.

"You two are so cruel," Mina said, fixing them both with a glare. Her smile undermined it though. She lifted her head fully up and cracked her neck. "But I suppose you're right. I'll just have to torment you guys at the dance."

"Definitely not what I wanted," Jiro said but she was smiling. "On a slightly different subject, what do you guys think the dance is gonna be like?"

"I doubt it'll be anything less than exceptional," Momo said simply. She cupped her cup of tea with one hand and smiled. "U.A. is a prestigious school and knowing them they would refuse to do anything less than a grand arrangement."

"Ooh I hope so!" Toru said excitedly. "My middle school dances were always fun but so drab in design."

"My school never really threw dances," Ochako said, smiling down at her cup. "We had maybe one and even then it was a pretty simple affair. If you're right, Momo, then this gonna be a new experience for me."

Mina nodded sagely, as if she knew something she wasn't going to let on. "Yeah, same here. I think for all of us it's gonna be something special." She grinned from ear to ear and waved her phone in the air. "Plus, Aoyama just texted me an update on how it's looking. He said it looks amazing and he's quite proud of it. To quote the man himself, 'It may rival even my own excellence, mon cheri, and that is, may I remind you, quite hard to do.'" She had read the text in a horrible imitation of Aoyama's voice, and her French was absolutely horrible.

Ochako was the first to laugh and the rest of the table followed suit. "Am I the only one who imagined the text ending with a sparkle?" she said, still laughing.

"Oh, there's more than one," Mina said, nearly crying from laughter. "I swear to god, that boy."

"But, on the bright side," Momo said, struggling to contain her ongoing laughter, "if Aoyama is willing to say that then the dance must truly be spectacular."

"He has such a big head," Tsu agreed, giggling.

"Stop," Jiro choked out, her hands holding her sides as she laughed. "Please no more! I can't handle it."

"That's tame for a text from him," Mina said, a playful glint in her eyes. "Some of his texts about the dance lessons were downright purple prose. Honestly, he should write. There's an audience for how he talks."

The girls shared a glance and then nodded. "Read it."

"Are you sure it's fine?" Izuku asked for the fifth time, looking anxiously at the bowtie. Iida had showed him how to tie it and though Iida assured him it was fine he couldn't help but think it looked off in someway that he just couldn't describe.

Iida looked at the bowtie with a critical eye and nodded sharply. "I daresay it looks perfect, Izuku. Well done."

Kirishima looked up from where he was helping Kaminari with his own tie. The four of them, along with Todoroki, had gathered in Izuku's room to get ready for the dance which turned into Iida and Kirishima giving Izuku and Kaminari tutorials on tie-tying. Todoroki had left at some point to get himself a soda from the common room and had yet to return.

Izuku took a deep breath and nodded. "Okay, okay. I'll take your word for it." He could do this. Fidgeting with the red glove over his right hand. Best Jeanist had done a good job, he admitted. He looked nice in his green suit and the red of his glove and bowtie

seemed to work well. Still, he felt nervous. What if he looked childish or silly? Kaminari looked much cooler in his simple black vest with gold tie, and Iida's blue pinstripe seemed so adult.

The door opened and Todoroki popped his head in. "Hey, Izuku? Your mom is here and wanted to say hi." He stepped into the room and held the door open for Izuku's mom, who was carrying something in her hands.

"Miss Midoriya!" Iida bowed before her. "It is very nice to meet you."

She smiled at Iida and the others. "You must be Iida. It's nice to meet you as well. Todoroki, thank you for showing me to the room."

"Of course, ma'am," Todoroki said with a bow of his head.

"Mom? What, what are you doing here?" Izuku asked. He noticed the others slowly leaving and Todoroki closed the door behind them.

She didn't answer for a bit, instead just looking him up and down. And then she smiled, tears in her eyes. "Oh, Izuku. You look so grown up." She rushed forward and wrapped her arms around him in a tight hug, the thing in her hands digging slightly into his back. Izuku didn't mind though. He hugged his mom back and smiled.

"Thanks, Mom."

When she stepped back she sniffed a bit. "My little boy, all grown up!"

He laughed and looked at the top of her head. "I'm taller than you are, Mom."

She shushed him but still smiled, her eyes twinkling. "Doesn't mean you're not my little boy. Or used to be." She offered the object she carried to her son, her eyes still twinkling. Izuku took it and looked down at it. It was a gorgeous looking flower, a light pink, delicate

looking thing. He had no idea what kind of flower it was but it was gorgeous.

"Wha-what is this?"

His mom smiled. "A gift for you to give Uraraka. She could wear it on her wrist or there's a way to put it in her hair."

He blushed a deep red and looked at her, trying to find words, trying to deny his feelings. But her smile stopped him and he found himself with tears in his eyes. "Mom. Thank you." He wanted to say more but those words felt like they were often for now.

She stepped forward and gently wiped his tears. "Hey, no crying right now, Izuku. The dance will be starting soon, yeah? Go and have fun." She smiled. "Make some good memories." With a kiss on his head, she turned and left, waving goodbye. A few moments later Todoroki poked his head in and looked at Izuku with a small smile.

"You ready to go?"

Izuku looked at the flower and slipped the small plastic box into his pocket. He straightened his bowtie one last time, looked for any creases, and then pulled his glove tight. "Let's go," he said with a confident grin. *Time to make some memories.*

A/N: Okay I finished this later than I wanted to and I apologize big time! But still, I hope you all liked it. The formal wear they're all wearing is based off of art by Horikoshi, the author, and if you've guys seen it, hopefully you know what flower I'm talking about! Anyways, I'm excited to finish this story off with hopefully plenty of cuteness! Please leave a review or follow if you like it, or just wanna give me some advice, anything and everything is appreciated big time!

Time to Make Some Memories

A/N: Alright guys! It's time to end this story with some cute dance fluff, the thing I've been promising you for a while now. Thank you for sticking with me all the way through this! It means a lot and I hope you guys enjoyed it.

Chapter 7: Time to Make Memories

Ochako pulled at the hem of her dress, frowning. The red and pink dress, with the skirt poofing out in a way that looked like an upside down flower, was gorgeous and fit her perfectly. Apparently the torture that was the fitting was worth it. But she didn't feel quite comfortable in the dress. Sure, she knew it was hers and the school had covered Best Jeanist well for it. *But, god*, she thought, feeling the soft fabric. It was probably worth more than most of her clothes combined.

"You look nice, Uraraka," Momo said from behind her. The dark-haired girl was in an elegant red dress that just added to her aura of sophistication and beauty. And then she had added a necklace of what looked like small emeralds and Uraraka wondered if Momo was attending a school dance or a party for a head of state.

"Thanks, Momo," she said. The gathering in Momo's room had been nice, mainly because the other girls distracted her from the increasing number of butterflies in her stomach. Momo had even let her a simple but beautiful necklace to wear, something she said added to her look. "Just kinda nervous is all."

"I know the feeling," the dark-haired girl said as she checked her hair. She smiled at Ochako and put a hand on her shoulder. "Don't worry so much about it though. Things will work out well for you two, I'm sure of it."

Ochako felt her face flush and she stammered. "W-w-what? W-what do you mean?"

Jiro snorted from the bed where she was on her phone, wearing a simple looking blue dress but with a similar short jacket like her costume. The other girls had left earlier, with Mina and Toru going to help welcome people to the dance, while Tsu just ran to grab something from her room. "Uraraka, we're not idiots."

"Plus, Todoroki overheard Izuku talking about how he and you are going to dance together." Momo smiled, both soft and apologetic. "But even then, the signs were there."

"We were just a bit wrapped up in our own drama." Jiro grinned, a distinctly mischievous one. "But that's all done and wrapped up. So now we can tease you."

"Jiro! We're supposed to support her." Momo sighed and shook her head. "Sorry, Uraraka. But, honestly, don't worry about Izuku. You and he are incredibly close. A simple crush, even on that isn't reciprocated, will not ruin your friendship. He's too nice for that."

Ochako offered a smile as thanks. "I, uh, well thanks."

"Besides, you look awesome," Jiro said. She smirked and raised an eyebrow. "I doubt he'll be able to think straight."

"Jiro!" Momo exclaimed, her hand to her chest like she was scandalized by the thought. "Do you honestly think Izuku could be so dirty-minded?"

Ochako blushed again and glanced down at her chest. It….it wasn't scandalous, right? No worse than Momo's or Mina's dresses at least. The door opened and Tsu walked in, looking at the room. "Did I miss something?" she asked. "I could hear Momo from outside."

"Momo doesn't think Izuku will….'appreciate' Uraraka's dress," Jiro said with a small smirk. "I beg to differ."

"That's not what I said!"

Tsu looked at Ochako closely, finger on her lips before nodding. "I don't think he'll be like Mineta but he'll probably blush at first. That's how he is."

"Please, keep trying to figure out how my crush will think about my dress," Ochako groaned. "Definitely helping with the nerves."

Jiro's smirk vanished, replaced by a grimace. "Sorry, Uraraka. Wasn't thinking about that. My bad."

Momo reached up and brushed a strand of Ochako's hair to the side, her fingers feather soft. "You have our support, Uraraka. No matter how much we may tease we only do it because we care for you." She stepped in front of Ochako and smiled brilliantly. "You got this."

"Momo, since when could you give relationship advice?" Tsu asked, a devious glint in her eyes. "Did you and Todoroki finally go out?"

Momo's face quickly resembled her dress as she spluttered. "I-I-I," she stammered before sighing. "Yes."

Jiro laughed. "I knew it! I knew it, I knew it, I knew it! Oh my god you should be so glad that Mina isn't here. She'd be having a fucking heart attack!" Ochako giggled at that; she could see Mina fainting from the news at the very least.

A phone beeped and Tsu checked it, a light blush on her cheeks. Ochako focused in on that; she still didn't know who it was that Tsu clearly liked but maybe she would tonight. "Izuku and Tokoyami both texted me. Izuku to ask if I'm with you and Jiro, Ochako, because apparently he's been trying to text you and Kaminari wanted to know if you were here, Jiro." Tsu gave what Ochako could recognize as a devious look to Jiro. "And then both he and Tokoyami are asking if we're on our way over."

"Let's get going," Jiro said, hopping up. "Todoroki and Izuku are probably worrying their butts off about you two."

"Todoroki doesn't worry," Ochako joked as she made one last quick check. She looked as good as she was gonna, she figured. "At least not in the way we can see."

"The floor will probably just be iced over a bit," Tsu added as the girls left the room. Everyone but Momo chuckled, and Jiro poked Momo's red cheeks, teasing in her in a high voice about how cute she was.

They found the boys waiting by the dance area, kinda off to the side and out of view of the entrance, gathered in a loose group. Todoroki, Izuku, Kaminari, Kirishima, and Iida were just chatting idly together but stopped when the girls got close. Kirishima let out a low whistle and grinned. "Well, ladies, don't you look fabulous!"

Ochako laughed. "Thanks, Kirishima. You guys look pretty good too." And they did. Kirishima made his red suit with blue shirt work, though she figured his confidence could make anything work. Todoroki looked almost aloof in his white suit, with a dark shirt beneath, while Iida looked like how she would always imagine he would in a suit. Kaminari's looked a lot like his costume and felt more casual than the others, something that worked for him.

And then she saw Izuku and she felt her heart flutter. He looked so cute, standing there in his green suit. Was that a bowtie? She blushed but she couldn't help smiling. He looked so nervous in a way. Cute as hell, but he kept fidgeting, tugging on his glove or straightening the already straight bowtie.

"I'm gonna go inside," Jiro said, walking by Ochako. She winked. "Go knock it out of the park." Ochako stammered but Jiro was already gone, walking inside, followed by Kaminari. The two began to talk amiably and….did they just hold hands for a second?

"I'll see you inside," Tsu said, snapping Ochako out of her thoughts. "I'm gonna find Tokoyami."

Momo shot Ochako a smile as she walked towards the entrance, Todoroki just gliding up next to her seamlessly. He seemed to just belong next to her, and Momo turned to smile at him, slipping her arm around his.

Kirishima looked around and grinned again, this one feeling almost more wolf-like. "Come on, Iida. Let's go find Bakugo and the others."

"Why would I wish to find Bakugo?" Iida said, but he followed anyways, waving back to Ochako.

"Maybe he's disturbing the peace?"

"Not on my watch!" Ochako and Izuku chuckled as Iida power walked into the dance, Kirishima turning around to flash them both a thumbs up.

Silence blanketed the area between them. Ochako took a deep breath and stepped up closer to Deku, smiling. She couldn't stand the silence, she needed to say something. "You, you look really nice," she said finally. "Your bowtie is cute."

"Iida taught me how to tie it," he said, smiling back at her. The silence and the awkwardness with it dispersed. "Though, it was a bit hard to follow his movements." They both chuckled at that. "You look amazing by the way."

She blushed and smiled. *Heart, be still please.* "Thanks, Deku. I'm glad you like it." She did a mini twirl and laughed.

Deku chuckled. "Why wouldn't I?" he joked. Her blush deepened and he didn't even seem to realize what he said. A few moments passed and Deku kicked his foot against the ground absently before speaking again. "So, uh, before we go in, I-I have something for you." He was staring at the ground but she could see pink touching his cheeks. "Well, my mom got it but uh….that sounds kinda lame doesn't it?"

"Not really," Ochako said, smiling gently. "It means you have a pretty kickass mom, Deku. So, what is it?"

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a small plastic box, holding it out for her. Ochako looked at him and took the box gently. Inside was a pink, beautiful flower attached to a clip with a small band of silk in the box as well. "My mom said you could wear it on your wrist or your hair." She looked at Deku, who looked up at her, his cheeks bright pink.

She smiled. "Well, I think it would look nice in my hair. Do you," she took a deep breath-she could do this, "do you mind helping me out with that?"

"I-i, n-no of c-c-course not!" Deku stepped up and gently took the flower out of the box. He reached up, getting really close, and began to fiddle a bit with her hair. She held her breath, trying to ignore the flood of butterflies in her stomach, or how fast her heart was beating, or how close he was and how he smelled nice and for fuck's sake! After what felt like hours he stepped back, his face even more red but he smiled at her. "There. It looks….you look amazing."

"Better than before?" she teased. His eyes shot open wide and he began to stammer, trying to say anything. She giggled and lightly socked him in the shoulder. "I'm joking, promise." She was about to ask him if he was ready to go to the dance but then she remembered her promise to herself. She wasn't going to be shy with her feelings anymore. "Hey, Deku, before we go, there's….there's something I need to tell ya."

He tilted his head and gave her a quizzical look. "What is it?"

A fist tightened as she forced herself to do it. "It's….it's hard to explain. Can I show you though? That might help."

"Anything that helps you is all good with me." *Deku, how are you so sweet?* Ochako felt her breathing quicken as she walked up to him and then, not leaving herself time to think, kissed Deku's cheek.

Kaminari looked back behind him as he and Jiro walked towards the entrance to the main ballroom. "You're trying to set someone else up?" he asked, his hand next to hers but not holding it. Neither of them were the type to enjoy even small moments of PDA and besides, it was kinda fun keeping his friends in the dark.

Kyouka quirked an eyebrow up. "And you don't want them to date?"

He scoffed. "I'm pretty sure everyone wants them to date, Kyouka. But still, not all of us are doing something about it."

"Well, that just makes me special, doesn't it?" She flashed him a quick smile, her eyes twinkling. Kaminari found himself grinning back. Man, he was lucky as hell to have her.

The two mixed into the crowd and Kyouka slightly pulled him over to the right side where Mina was welcoming the students. Aoyama stood on the left, his sequin suit sparkling in the light. Or was that just him? It was really hard to tell. "Don't want Aoyama to know?" Kaminari teased. "Embarrassed to be seen with me?"

"Oh shut up, Jamming-whey," Kyouka said, her tone just as teasing. "I'd just rather deal with a knowing look than Aoyama."

Kaminari was tempted to point out that Aoyama seemed to have already seen them and had winked at Kaminari, the sparkle nearly blinding him. But, he decided to give Kyouka her sense of peace. After all, that's what good boyfriends did and he was the best. In the class. Probably. Assuming there wasn't a lot of competition currently.

They reached Mina and her grin looked like it was going to split her face in two. "Well, well, well. Have fun you two! Kaminari, be a gentleman!"

"Thanks, Mom," Kyouka grumbled, but she was smiling as she walked by. Kaminari flashed a thumbs up to Mina and gave her a grin. He loved Kyouka and all, but he also loved teasing her and getting her flustered. Mina was pretty good at that. As long as

Kyouka never learned of his support for the teasing things would be fine.

Even if she learned, he figured, things would probably still be fine.

When they entered the ballroom he felt her hand slide into his and shot her a quick grin. "Just dark enough to make you feel better?" he teased. Though, he did feel better about the small display in here than anywhere else. It felt right.

"Maybe I don't want you getting lost in the crowd like an idiot," she countered, weaving into the crowd. The ballroom had definitely been decorated by Aoyama; the random sparkles screamed him. But, Kaminari had to admit; it looked good. Fancy without being overdone, or so he thought.

"Aw, someone cares." Kyouka sighed and jabbed half-heartedly at him, but he could see the smile on her face. "So, wanna dance first or get something to eat?" He had spotted the side dining room as soon as they had entered and he had been trying to figure out what they might have been serving.

The music, which had been more poppy and not really either of their tastes, changed to a more alternative song, which elicited a couple of groans, though everyone else continued to dance without a care in the world. Kyouka turned to look up at him and grinned. "I think dancing while the gettin' is good, you know?"

"Dancing it is," Kaminari said with an equally big grin on his face, pulling her behind him onto the main dance floor. The two of them began to dance, not holding onto each other or even trying to sync up their steps. They just moved, goofing off and laughing at each other. Every now and then he would step forward to grab her hand or she would bump into him with a cheeky grin. While Kaminari was thankful for the dance lessons for pushing them together- which he was sure Mina would lord over him- he didn't really need any of the lessons. With Kyouka, he could just move and be. And she would do the same.

Both of them stepped up at the same time and he kissed her forehead, real fast. No need to make a scene. She smirked but rolled her eyes. "Not what I was hoping for, idiot," she said, before reaching up and kissing his lips. She pulled back, her eyes sparkling bright and her cheeks ever so pink, but her smirk daring him to say or do anything. They danced back from each other, but he knew what her look was saying as clearly as if she had told him. *Match me if you can* .

Fuck yes. Kyouka rocked.

Tsu was having the time of her life and she was doing it with her boyfriend. That word still felt funny to say or even think but she loved saying it. Mostly to Tokoyami when they were alone and mostly because it was fun watching him blush- she was still amazed he could blush through his feathers- and get all flustered. To think just a couple of weeks ago she was crushing on him and nothing more. Now, they were together, and official couple. Not even dancing, just together.

"You look very nice, Tsu," Tokoyami said as he looked at her from across the table. The two of them were just sitting together, waiting for a song they felt ready to dance to. Tsy blushed and looked down at her simple grey dress. It had a turquoise sash tied around her waist, sure, and the headband with the flower was cute, but compared to the other dresses hers felt more plain. Tokoyami nodded solemnly. "Indeed, you remind me of dew at dawn catching the first light of day."

She couldn't help it. She giggled, covering her mouth with her hand. "Tokoyami, you can say the sweetest things and be a complete dork, you know?"

He blushed and looked away for a moment but then smiled. "I believe you have told me that many times, dear Tsu." Despite all her teasing, Tsu did truly love his little moments of poetry. She had been the one who suggested they started dancing together to practice, mainly because it seemed like a good excuse to be with him. He,

however, had been the one to confess after a few sessions, about a week ago or so. The poem he had written had caused her to laugh for what he had said felt like an hour. She was sure it had been no more than fifteen minutes and that was including the time it took for her to kiss him. Her favorite line had been the one about how his heart had been a void of pitiless darkness till she brought her light to fill it.

It was one of the cutest and dorkiest things she had ever read.

"Well, it is true," she said, smiling at him. He always got her to do that, just smile without hesitation. "So, how do you like your first dance so far, Tokoyami?"

Tokoyami seriously considered his surroundings and shrugged. "It holds the touch of Aoyama, the interesting boy. All in all though, I enjoy it." He smiled and gave her a kind and confident look. "And yet, I cannot wait to dance away this sweet night with my beautiful lady."

Tsu leaned across the table and gave him a peck on his forehead, smiling. "I'm a beautiful lady, hm? And why do you think that, my handsome gentleman?"

He looked her dead in the eyes and his expression became solemn. "You are gorgeous in many ways, Tsuyu Asui. The light that you bring with you, that inner glow you possess. Your unflinching manner in presenting your feelings, that smile of yours that can light up even my dark heart." He closed his eyes and smiled softly. "Truly, how could anyone not see you and be awestruck? You are a creature of the brightest and most amazing light I have ever see-!"

Tsu shut him up with a passionate kiss, pulling him to her over the table, her cheeks wet with tears. This. This was why she loved this darkness loving, poetry writing, sweethearted dork. She had friends at U.A., something that, until Habuko, had been something she didn't think she could have. But even then she hadn't thought anyone

would like her. Her, the blunt, forward, frog-like girl. Who would have liked her as more than a friend?

And yet, this dark, brooding, adorable bird-boy did. And she loved him for it.

When they pulled apart his feathers almost seemed crimson he was blushing so hard. She was probably blushing too, and they had no doubt caused some kind of scene. But she didn't care; it had to been done. "Well," Tokoyami said, "that was exciting."

"Couldn't help it," Tsu said, sitting back. She smiled though; he looked completely dumbfounded. The song was changing as Present Mic switched over to something a bit slower and more acoustic sounding, their style. "Now then, shall we hit the dance floor, boyfriend?"

Tokoyami snapped out of his fugue and smiled, standing up and offering his hand. "Let's go, girlfriend. Time for us to join the evening's festivities!"

Having the ability to control both fire and ice was truly an amazing power, Todoroki thought as he and Momo danced together to acoustic music. Truly, it offered him a lot of possibilities. And yet, all Todoroki wished he could do was keep from overheating without accidentally icing over the whole dance floor. Such a small feat seemed nearly impossible and it was infuriating him.

"Just breathe, Todoroki," Momo said into his ear. She had stepped in close when he hadn't paid attention and now her mouth was very close to his ear, something he couldn't help but pay attention to. "Aren't you having fun?"

He smiled and squeezed her hand in his. "Momo, do you even need to ask?" He pulled her in close and held her, just for a moment before they pulled apart to keep dancing. This girl was something else, he thought not for the first time. Just thinking about her calmed

him in his times of stress and their date….well that had been a very fond memory to be sure.

Still, he was a little upset with himself for nearly icing over the table when he kissed her. That….that was a bit disappointing.

But, as he danced with her, he found himself captivated by Momo. She was so elegant, her dress not adding to her beauty, only highlighting it. She moved with grace and fluidity and her smile was bright to the point of blinding. He felt like a clumsy fool trying to match her moves, and yet he did. Step for step they stayed in line with each other, moving together. Even when he stepped wrong, she matched him and gave him a small smile. With each smile Todoroki had to resist the urge to kiss her. And that was getting harder as they continued.

"I've been looking forward to this," she said softly when they came close together.

"How is it?" he asked. "Am I meeting expectations."

A soft laugh came from her and her eyes twinkled. "You're more than exceeding them, Todoroki." She was the one to squeeze his hand this time and he felt his smile grow.

The song began to wind down and the two flowed off of the dance floor as a more energetic pop song came on, Present Mic telling everyone to make some noise. "Refreshments?" he asked as they walked to a table.

She laughed again and nodded. "You want me to come?"

He looked at her with a straight face, one eyebrow raised. "I'm pretty sure I know what you like." And then, a small smirk. "Unless you can't bear to be without me."

Momo blushed at that but her smile grew. "Oh, you caught me. Well, I think I can handle being without you for just a spell but please hurry

back." Todoroki let out a soft chuckle as he hurried to the dining area.

As he piled two plates with some snacks and grabbed a couple of drinks he thought about Momo. Well, he had been doing that a lot lately, but still. He couldn't help but think about her. She was downright amazing and he was lucky to have her. Lucky to be with her, he corrected himself. He didn't own her.

What would Mother think of her? He thought, and then he froze. Almost literally, a layer of frost covering his cup. He gulped and tried to push away the thought. It was much too early for that, right? Todoroki needed advice but the only people he trusted that much were Iida or Izuku and they were both no doubt as clueless as he was. Maybe Fuyumi could tell him something about that; she had a boyfriend didn't she? Of course, she had brought him to meet Father and that….that probably hadn't been a good idea.

"Todoroki?" He looked up, snapping out of his thoughts to realize he had somehow walked over to Momo carrying the cups and plates. She looked up at him, concerned. The way her brows furrowed when she was concerned, he realized, was incredibly cute. "Everything okay?"

"Just lost in thought," he said as he put the plates and cups down. He sat in the chair next to her and held her hand softly.

"Anything big?" she asked, grabbing a small piece of fudge with a smile.

He debated not telling her. But that was ridiculous. He knew, sooner or later, that he wanted to introduce her to his mother. Not to show her off, not to act like she was some big accomplishment. But simply because he wanted his mom to meet Momo, this wonderful, beautiful person whom he cared deeply for. "Just wondering. I know this is probably a bit too early but would you want to meet my mother?" He smiled sheepishly. "I know it sounds silly but I think she would love you and I….you're an important part of my life now, Momo. And so I

want you to be involved more with the rest of my life." His eyes widened and he blushed deeply. "Uh, that was….that was maybe a bit much."

"Not at all," Momo said softly. She kissed his cheek, her lips feather soft. She smelled of vanilla and lavender and he loved it. Todoroki turned to face her and found she was smiling, her eyes a little watery but glowing bright. "I'd love to meet your mother. It may be fast for others, but we're not others. We're us."

Todoroki smiled and kissed her. Not hard, not with all consuming passion. Just a gentle, loving kiss on the lips. "You know, you're right. We are us. The rest of the world can just deal with that."

Ojiro had always thought of his tail as both a useful addition to his body but also something that could very easily get in the way. Especially with dancing. The dance lessons had helped him with get better at making sure he paid attention to it. That way he didn't slap Sero in the face. More than two times, that was.

And yet, on the dance floor that night with Toru, he found himself not worrying at all and not having any issues. Toru had dragged him onto the dance floor the moment they had arrived and they danced through any song that came on. The slow dancing they were doing now was a favorite of his, holding onto Toru's gloved hands and just swaying together.

"Spin me!" Toru squealed and he happily did, twirling her beneath him before pulling her back in, grinning like an idiot. "Ojiro," Toru sighed, nuzzling up against him. He blushed but held her tight, just swaying to the

"Toru," he said, smiling. "You comfy there?"

"Shh," she said. She looked up at him and he could see her smile. Her eyes were twinkling, for sure, and he could see her with perfect clarity. He often wished he actually could, but even if he never saw

her face he would like her all the same. She was Toru, invisible or visible. "Let me enjoy the moment, you big cutie."

"Says the cutest damn person here," he countered. "Besides, it's not over yet, Toru. We have plenty of dance left. And then there's another dance next year and then the year after."

She pushed back from his suddenly, meeting his eyes. He frowned but then smiled as he realized she was grinning ear to ear, her ballroom gown shimmying as she did a little dance there. "Ojiro! That's so cute!"

"What?" he asked, still smiling but also extremely confused. Had he said something cute? He….he didn't think he had. "What did I say?"

"You basically said you want us to be together for years to come," Toru said, pushing back up against him and continuing the dance. "You want to stay with me for forever and ever huh?"

He felt his face heat up but smiled and leaned down to kiss her head. "Well, I don't know about forever and ever. I mean, we're not immortal and I'm a bit too young to think that far ahead. But, why I would I ever want to leave a girl as awesome as you?"

Toru squealed and kissed him on his lips quickly, her lips tasting like strawberries. "You are the cutest guy in this room," she said. "No! The school! The city! AH! You're the best, Ojiro!" She leaned up and rested her head against his chest and he smiled as his tail reached around to gently pull her in.

Ojiro rested his head on hers. He closed his eyes and swayed there with her. He wished this moment wouldn't end, that it could keep going on forever and ever. Just the two of them there, in that ballroom, alone but surrounded by people, dancing.

And then the music ended, only for a pop song to start playing. Toru practically leapt away, grinning and grabbed his hand. "Come on, Ojiro! Time to move your body!"

He smiled. Eh, every moment with her was worth keeping for ages. He could do with this one too.

The moment Kirishima entered the ballroom he started looking for Bakugo, weaving his way through the people hanging around at the tables or just standing at the edges of the dance floor. He found Mineta, both smiling and sobbing as he looked at the girls. Little dude looked like his heart was going to give on him. He also found Kaminari and Jiro though he didn't say a word; the two looked like they were having fun just dancing. He found pretty much everyone he knew from the class, except for Izuku and Uraraka especially, but still no Bakugo.

It took a couple of songs, with Kirishima questioning what Present Mic was doing with the constant genre jumping, before he found Bakugo standing in a corner, somehow hidden away from him during his first search. He made his way over, grinning. Sure, he liked Bakugo and his heart was beating a bit faster than normal. But that was something he could handle.

For now, all he wanted was to get his friend to have fun.

"Bakugo!" he called, finally reaching the blond boy. "I've been looking for you, man! Did you just get here?"

The explosive boy raised an eyebrow but nodded. "Yeah. Didn't want to get here too early and let Sparkletwit out there bother me." Kirishima mentally raised an eyebrow; he must have been in a good mood. Normally he called Aoyama far, far worse. "You've been looking for me, huh?"

Kirishima grinned and nodded. "Yeah! I wanted to make sure you were having fun!"

"And you think you can make me have fun?" The challenge was evident in his voice but Kirishima relished challenge. Especially when it meant getting Bakugo to do something.

"I have a better chance than everyone else, don't I?" Bakugo snorted but didn't counter him. Kirishima pointed back to the dance floor with his thumb, grinning at Bakugo. "How about this? I think a faster song is going to come on up soon. You and I go out onto the dance floor and compete against each other."

Bakugo smirked and tilted his head to the side. "You're challenging me to a dance off? Come on, Kirishima, you should know better than that."

"Maybe I don't," Kirishima said innocently, but he knew Bakugo was hooked. "But yeah you're right, don't wanna embarrass you in front of the whole school, you know?"

Bakugo's eye twitched and his whole body shook for a second. "You think that's going to get me to do this stupid thing?"

Kirishima started walking to the dance floor as a faster rap song began to play. He turned to face Bakugo, who was following him, and opened his arms wide. "Come on, Bakugo. Face me like a man!" The light-haired kid stomped forward, grumbling about something or another. But he wasn't scowling and he seemed to relish the moment. Kirishima had him good.

The two collapsed at a table, sweating like crazy and breathing heavily. Kirishima had loosened his tie and Bakugo had just thrown his jacket somewhere in the crowd. Behind him, Kirishima could hear the crowd muttering and cheering their names, even over the music. Their dance battle had been the stuff of legends, a battle of man versus man for the right of best breakdancer. The crowd of people had just parted before them and encircled them as they went at it. Kirishima had went in with his all and felt wiped. His arms hurt… well that's what he got for trying to spin himself around multiple times.

Still, Bakugo had been just as intense as Kirishima, doing moves Kirishima hadn't thought possible for someone so muscular. But damn, Bakugo was even more agile than his fights let on. It was

gonna be close and the crowd hadn't been able to decide it. Which kinda blew. He had wanted to beat Bakugo pretty bad.

"God….damn….it," Bakugo groaned, wiping his brow. He grinned, a decidedly wolf-like and vicious expression. His eyes danced in the low light and though it was terrifying to look at, Kirishima found himself smiling right back. This was what he liked in Bakugo; that drive and determination. "You put up a good fight, Kirishima."

"Hell yeah I did. Did you see the crowd though? They were stunned," Kirishima flashed his teeth in a grin to match Bakugo's. "They were freaking stunned. I'm pretty sure some of the girls were hoping we'd take off our shirts."

Bakugo threw his head back in a barking laugh. "Psh. They'd be so lucky to see us shirtless." He smirked. "Besides, we'd drive them crazy with how ripped we are."

"Too manly to handle," Kirishima agreed, nodding solemnly. "Truly our bodies would bring them to tears of both jealousy and awe."

"Damn straight." Bakugo's smirk turned to a more kind looking smile and he raised an eyebrow. "So, when both of us are back to full you think you wanna try again? Put on a show for these folks?"

Kirishima eyed Bakugo, trying to decipher any possible meaning behind his words. Was he hitting on him or had he just genuinely enjoyed their dance battle? Kirishima shook his head and smiled ruefully. He was probably overthinking things. "Sounds good to me. Though, this time you'll get your ass handed to you. I held back."

"The hell you did, asshole," Bakugo laughed. "Now, I'm hungry. You want some snacks?"

Okay, that's something new, Kirishima thought but, eh, why let something good like this go to waste. "Of course I do. I don't care what, just pile it high with food." Bakugo nodded and got up, walking off to the side room. Kirishima stayed at the table, watching his

friends dance and enjoy themselves while he caught his breath. Kaminari and Jiro were dancing again. He was pretty sure the two of them thought they were being subtle but man, Mina was probably freaking out right now. Except he could see her in the crowd dancing like a goof with a bunch of the others, just jumping around to the rock music and clearly laughing. Looks like she and Aoyama were relieved from door duty. Sero was with her, and he was clearly enjoying himself, along with Shouji who was using his arms to dance with Sato and Aoyama at the same time, the three of them bouncing around. Even Iida, strange, robotic Iida, was dancing and grinning.

A flash of green caught his attention and Kirishima turned to face the entrance and he nearly swore when he saw the couple walking in.

Izuku Midoriya and Ochako Uraraka holding hands, their faces pink but the brightest and cutest fucking smiles on their faces. The class wide pairing that they all shipped, hell, some had even set up bets on if they would get together….it was real and they were walking in right now. Oh fuck yes. Kirishima bolted up and practically ran onto the dance floor to find Mina. She was going to flip out. And besides, now Bakugo owed him five bucks.

When Uraraka kissed his cheek, Izuku's mind went blank. All of the thoughts he had up until that moment- worrying about her, wondering why she was so close, enjoying the lovely cinnamon scent of her- all of that washed away when her lips touched his cheek. He felt like the world itself fell away leaving just him, her, and the tingling feeling her lips left behind on his cheek. Time itself became meaningless as he thought a single thought. The girl he had liked since becoming her friend, the girl who he thought of as perfect in every way. She had kissed him.

Uraraka had *kissed him.*

That sent his mind into overdrive and the world came tumbling back into place, his face growing warm as his heart began to beat faster and faster. Butterflies crowded his stomach, threatening to almost double him over in their intensity. Even though it was dark he felt like

light was trying to blind him, like the warmth spreading from where her lips touched him was a fire trying to consume him. And he had never felt happier.

She had said something. Shit, he hadn't noticed or heard. "I….Uraraka?" he said, both for her to repeat and because his mind was still trying to deal with too many things at once. It was a jumbled mess, even with his heart screaming at his mind to get used to what happened.

"Sorry, Deku," she said. Everything he had learned from watching TV or books told him that she should've been looking bashfully away, not wanting to meet his eyes. But Uraraka stared right into them, her expression nervous but determined. "But I needed to let you know and I didn't….I didn't trust myself to say it." She smiled shakily, her lips trembling. He could see her eyes beginning to water and he knew if she cried he would too. "I like you, Deku. Really, truly like you and I needed to tell you. I couldn't hide it anymore." She gulped, an audible sound, and her resolve seemed to be breaking down before him. It took her a bit of time before she said anything, maybe a minute, with Izuku's mind using the time to recover before anything else could happen. "I'm….I'm okay if you just want to be friends, too. Honest, Deku. I get it and I'm sorry. I shouldn't have kissed you but it felt like the only option left to me. The only thing I could have done! I really like you and I want you to know. Even….even i-i-if you d-do-don't feel the same." Her cheeks were practically glowing pink and he was worried she was going to cry. But still, Uraraka's eyes never looked away.

He needed time, needed time to get his thoughts in order. He knew he liked her. That was something he had known for a long, long time. But he didn't want to hurt her by saying something stupid, something hurtful. So he needed the time to think of the perfect romantic response, the one thing guaranteed to sweep her off of her feet and make her feel loved.

His heart decided that, no, that was stupid and he stepped forward, taking her hand into his, meeting her eyes. He smiled, trying to

convey every ounce of love he felt for her into that one expression. Every reason why, everything he saw in her that was amazing and great, he wanted her to see it all with that one smile.

Uraraka's eyes widened and she slowly began to smile.

"I like you, too," he said. And that was all he needed to do. All he ever needed to do.

She broke down and pulled him into a tight, rib crushing hug. Her face was buried into his chest and he felt her shaking and crying but also heard her laughing with sheer delight. Before he knew it, he was crying too, tears streaming down his face as he held her tight, his hand in her hair as he cried and laughed too. Releasing all of the stress he had ever held about this, all of the worry, the fear….all of it came pouring out as the two of them stood there, in the shadow of the ballroom, holding each other close and breaking down with tears and giggles.

It felt like hours had passed when they both ran out of tears, finally stepping back from each other to smile. Izuku felt both mentally drained but elated and he didn't want to let go of Uraraka. Not yet. The girl in question smiled at him, her eyes red from the tears but her smile was beautiful. "I don't know what to say right now," she said, a small peal of laughter accompanying her words. "But I guess, well what is there to say?"

Izuku nodded, his smile never wavering. "I….yeah exactly. I'm pretty sure we both want the same thing going forward."

Her eyes sparkled and she nodded. "Yeah. We are going to have the best dates, Deku. Just you wait."

He chuckled and stepped in close. "I can't wait." He squeezed her hands tight and looked at the ballroom. "We should probably go in soon…."

"Probably," she agreed. And then she leaned up and kissed his lips. And Izuku kissed her back, his heart moving his body like it knew this would happen. The kiss was quick but it left him even redder somehow and his smile even bigger.

"Okay, I think that makes not dancing worth it," he joked. She laughed and hugged him a second time. He squeezed her tight though this time he was the one to step back, releasing one hand. "We should probably go in. Don't want to worry the others."

"Lead the way then, Deku," she said, a sparkle in her eyes. And so they walked into the ballroom together, hands together, their sides practically glued to each other as they tried to be as close as they could. Izuku couldn't bear the thought of having her go away from him, of not feeling her by his side.

They made it to the edge of the dance floor before a camera flash stopped them cold. Izuku covered his eyes, blinking the light away. When he saw what happened he almost wished he hadn't.

Somehow he had been to distracted by the thoughts of being with Uraraka- okay not somehow, he admitted, it was bound to happen- that he had missed his entire class gathering nearby. Mina was in front, her phone in hand and the biggest smile on her face. Kirishima was at her side, grinning while some of the others stood loosely by. Kaminari flashed him a thumbs up and a wink while Momo and Todoroki simply smiled at the two of them.

"I….what the?" Izuku stammered. "Mina? Kirishima? Guys? What are you doing?"

"I knew it!" Mina cried. "I knew you two liked each other! My perfect pairing! Finally my work is done! Finally!" She laughed and took another picture. "You two are so cute, oh my god. I just….I just can't."

"Mina," Iida said, walking over to her and grabbing her arm. "Leave these two be. Come on everyone! Disperse!" Mina cried as Iida

dragged her away, though not before giving Uraraka and Izuku a smile and a thumbs up.

"What the fuck is going on?" Bakugo growled as he made his way through the dispersing crowd of 1-A students, some of whom, Izuku noticed with dismay, were exchanging money. Todoroki and Aoyama seemed to be cleaning house. Bakugo stopped when he saw the new couple, his expression unreadable. Then he shrugged and carried on over to Kirishima, carrying two large plates of food. "Fucking finally, you nerds."

Izuku and Uraraka made it to the dance floor after that without any other incidents except for the odd mention of congrats from various people. Sato even seemed to have been crying with a huge smile on his face when he said it, why though, Izuku had no idea. But when the chaos finally settled down to something as close to order as Class 1-A and U.A. ever got, he finally managed to dance with Uraraka. Not as a friend or a partner. But as her boyfriend.

It felt like gliding on air at times. He was clumsy, his nerves getting to him every now and then as his mind took control, but whenever he messed up, she played along and they laughed. During the upbeat, energetic songs they danced together facing each other, just being two happy kids, trying to stay as close as they could to each other. One of his favorite moments was when a swing-like song came on and they started doing their best impression of swing dancing together, probably looking like damn fools but enjoying every moment.

But the best moments, by far, was when it was a slow song and they swayed together. Sometimes she would rest her head against him as he held her but more often than not, her arms would wrap around his neck and they would dance together, staying at each other's eyes. Every now and then he got brave enough to lean down and kiss her cheeks or head.

As the last song began to end though, a slow, beautiful tune, he leaned down and kissed her lips muttering three words. *I love you.*

She kissed back and as their lips separated she smiled and whispered back.

I love you, too.

As they walked up the stairs, Izuku wondered about the possibilities of what would happen next. The dates they could go on, the fun they could have. He couldn't wait. As they reached his floor, the hall mostly empty, he turned and smiled at his girlfriend. "Well, I can't tell if I should walk you to your room or not," he laughed awkwardly. Uraraka tilted her head to the side, frowning with a glimmer in her eyes.

"Maybe you don't have to," she said simply. "See, I was thinking maybe I'd stay in your room tonight. After all I'm super tired and I don't know if I can walk up anymore stairs." Her smile teased him and she looked so damn cute.

"What about pjs?" he asked.

"You have some long shirts right? I'll just wear one." She shrugged. "If you're not okay with it I'll just sleep here." He laughed, and moved quickly to pick her up in his arms. She gasped and giggled. "Deku! What do you think you're doing?"

"You said you were tired," he said in a straight tone. He began to walk towards his dorm, carrying her bridal style. "Besides, I don't know if I'm quite ready to have this night end just yet," he added quietly.

"Same here," she said softly, kissing his forehead. "So then! Let's have a sleepover! Forward, Deku!"

He laughed and began to run down the hall, carrying her as she clung to his neck, laughing like crazy. At that point, he didn't care if he woke anyone up. He didn't really care that he was probably breaking a school rule. All he cared about was that he and her were together.

Tonight had spawned amazing memories, he knew, but there was no time to sit and simply bask in them. He had more memories to create, more things to enjoy.

They had memories to create.

A/N: So, biiiiiit longer than I meant it to be. I was almost worried I was going to have to split this chapter up but hey! I said I was ending it and dammit, here it is! The end! I hope everyone who stuck around to this little end note thing liked it. I know I had a freaking blast writing this and all the support and love I got was just….the greatest thing you guys. Thank you so so so much! As for what's next, well, I have an AU fic planned for them where they're college aged, they meet for the first time, Toshinori is an author and a bookstore owner, and Iida and Izuku work for him….I know it sounds kinda silly but trust me on this! It'll be cute, promise! So if you guys liked this, feel free to check out the new story whenever I post it. And finally, thank you again! You guys are the best!